BENNETT STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL, MANCHESTER.

Porlbright Sc.

Published by Charles Ambrose 91 Market Street Manchester.

MEMOIR

OF

BENJAMIN BRAIDLEY, ESQ.

Thou art gone to the grave, and although we deplore thee,
We know that thy God was thy Guardian and Guide,
He gave thee,—He took thee,—and He will restore thee,
And Death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND CO.
MANCHESTER:
CHARLES AMBERY.
1845.

tinguished among his fellow-citizens, and loved of many for his faith, zeal, patience, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, charity.

Nor do we write for the erudite, the accomplished, or the profound; but humbly, for humble souls. For such as loved *him* in life, and would not forget *him* in death.

MEMOIR, &c.

BENJAMIN BRAIDLEY, the subject of this memoir, author of "Sunday School Memorials," &c. &c., was born at Sedgfield, in the county of Durham, on the 19th of August, 1792. His father was Mr. Benjamin Braidley, a substantial farmer of that place. His mother's name was Jane Hardy, whose parents were also connected with agriculture.

His intelligent and indulgent father, of whose memory he always spoke with the utmost reverence and regard, gave him all the advantages of education his native village could afford. Subsequently he was sent to the large and distinguished school conducted by the Rev. Mr. Smedle, and which was situated in the neighbourhood of Sedgfield. Here he was soon noticed by its learned head, for his quickness of parts, and assiduous attention to his studies. The master also became greatly interested in his pupil, and predicted, as instructors have often done, of intelligent youths, that he would one day make a figure in the world. He seems particularly to have devoted himself to mathematics, algebra, land-surveying, &c.; he also mastered the Latin and French languages, and became a considerable proficient in the Italian.

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of the 29th ultimo, at the contents of which I was rather surprised, as the proposal it contains is one to which I never before gave any *very serious* consideration. When young, and at school, it was the wish of my master, who is a clergyman of the Established Church, to bring me up for the ministry, and to give me an education sufficient to qualify me, in every respect, (as far as human instruction is requisite) for the duties annexed to that sacred office. This was overruled at the time by some objections made by my father; and I have since been so well satisfied with my present calling in life, that I have never harboured any idea of a change; although I have frequently thought that if I were altogether to relinquish mercantile pursuits, my next choice should fall upon the ministry in the Established Church, provided that God should continue to me such a measure of his grace as would enable me to enter it with a good conscience.

"'Since the receipt of your letter, however, I have given this matter a serious consideration, not without prayer, and I shall now endeavour to give you the result of my determination in writing, as I feel myself more capable of doing so in that manner than I should do in an unconnected conversation.

"'To state what *I* consider my qualifications for the ministry, would be as contrary to a spirit of Christian humility as it would be far from expressing the sentiments of my heart. I really think that I do not possess the talents necessary to spread

my Redeemer's name with *powerful effect;* nor that holiness of heart, nor uprightness of conduct necessary to a minister of the Gospel, as an *example of holiness;* though God is my witness I desire to be such. At the same time I cannot but perceive that, small as is my share of these requisites, there are many who have intruded themselves into the priest's office, who, if we may judge from appearances, do not seem to desire that grace which, I trust, it is my wish to possess. Their intrusion will, however, be no excuse for mine, neither will any man's infirmity of qualifications justify my acceptance of an office similar to his, if I do not come up to the standard which God sets before me. But it does sometimes happen that one friend may see abilities in another which he thinks are sufficient for certain purposes, and which that other friend may think he does not possess. This may frequently happen to be the case; and under no circumstances is it more likely than when the person so self-deceived, or apparently self-deceived, is a religious character; because a vital spirit of religion has a natural tendency to make a man humble in his own eyes. Great, indeed, would be my regret, if I thought that the lack of my services (however unworthy I may esteem them to be) should in the least degree injure the cause of Christ, even if it should tend to the loss of but one immortal soul. But admitting, for a moment, the possibility of this, namely, that my labours in the ministry might be serviceable, is there nothing that can

be inferred as a bar to my change? I will endeavour to consider this.

"'In the first place, my literary acquirements are insufficient. It is the duty of a Christian minister not only to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus, but to defend it when it is attacked by its enemies, and also to correct the misrepresentations and misinterpretations of the ignorant and prejudiced part of mankind. To be fully competent for this part of his duty, it would require of him a complete knowledge of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, as well as of the earliest volumes of Ecclesiastical History. Herein I am deficient. I was taught the Latin language seven years, but I dropped the learning of it at an age when I should have most benefited by it. Other branches of knowledge induced me to relinquish that at thirteen years of age, and I have never resumed the study of it, and indeed, should require almost as much tuition in it as a young beginner. I am aware, however, by what you say, that this difficulty may be obviated.

"'But supposing that not only this, but all other difficulties should be made to give way, is it likely that I should do more actual good as a minister than as a layman?

"'We frequently (I think *most* frequently) find that the most pious of God's ministers are the most short-lived; this arises, in a great measure, from their studious and attentive labour in their great Master's cause, which is, in many instances, of such a nature as to injure their health, and

consequently to cause their death. My present situation of life is of an active kind, and promises (according to human calculation) a longer duration of existence than if I was in the ministry. I speak this with trembling; God only knows when I shall be called hence. I mention it only as a possibility, which, if it be correct, would offer more lengthened opportunities of usefulness.

"'In the next place, what is my present condition in life? With respect to outward circumstances I have nothing to wish for; nevertheless, if it was required of me, I hope I should have grace sufficient to enable me to relinquish every advantage of this sort, if by so doing I could in anywise bring glory to God. But have I any sphere of usefulness in which I may act? Thank God, I have. There are the souls of nineteen hundred children to take care of in the St. Clement's Sunday School. The ground of their hearts is not so hard as it is in the hearts of those who have lived thirty or forty years in sin, and therefore, under God's good blessing, is better calculated to receive the pure truths of the Gospel without feeling any of those drawbacks which older sinners, wedded to their ways, frequently, and often too fatally experience. And as a layman, if I should in any conversation put in a word for Christ, it will not be taken professionally, but as springing from conviction, and may probably be the better attended to.

"'On the whole, then, considering as I do my distance from the qualifications and acquirements

necessary for the office of the ministry, and the present favourable situation in which I stand, and the opportunities of usefulness which I enjoy in my laical capacity, I think I am justified in the sight of God in giving my preference to that state of life into which it has already pleased Him to call me.

"'This, my dear Sir, is the conclusion I have come to. If I should at any time hereafter see reason to alter it, I trust I shall be found willing to do so. I have spoken very freely, and did I not consider whom I was addressing, I should be tempted to think I have spoken too plainly. On reviewing my letter, I am afraid you will think I have taken too much credit to myself in some parts of it. It is not my wish to do so, and I trust I have spoken from my conscience. I shall be happy to see you, if convenient to yourself, on Friday evening, and I shall be the more so if you can take your tea with me about six o'clock. If I do not hear from you to the contrary, I shall expect you. In the meantime, with my best thanks for your kind letter, and for your good intention in sending it, I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear Sir,

"'Yours very affectionately,

"'BENJN. BRAIDLEY.'"

"*May*, 15*th. (Whit-Monday.)*—[The following is a graphic account of an alarming event which will be recollected by many readers of this Memoir.]—The preparations necessary for the Sunday School Anniversary have prevented me from at-

tending to my diary during the whole of last week. This event took place to-day; when such a scene occurred as I never before witnessed, and, I trust, never shall behold again. The total number of children on the books under the Establishment, is 7976. The schools all assembled at nine o'clock in St. Ann's-square, and proceeded to the Collegiate Church. About half-past ten o'clock, just before service commenced, I heard a dreadful scream or yell from the body of the church; I was among the girls belonging to St. Clement's school, in the choir, at the time. It communicated in an instant to every other part of the church, and the children all rose up in the greatest terror, and such a scene of confusion and dismay ensued as it is impossible to describe. Most of the children were endeavouring to get out as fast as possible; others could not move for terror; and some no sooner got up but they fell down again.

"The tone of the large organ was completely drowned by the children's cries; several boys burst through the windows, without knowing how they got out. The church continued in this state for half an hour, and it was discovered that the accidental breaking of a window was the first cause of the alarm. The children who were near it screamed, which caused others to suppose that the gallery was giving way. The Warden of the College went into the reading-desk, but he could not be heard, and the children still continued crying, while their parents were flocking from all parts of the town, having heard that the church

had fallen in. After fruitless endeavours to pacify the children, it was thought advisable to send them home, which was accordingly done, and there was no service. Unfortunately it was discovered that one boy was killed. Five others are in the Infirmary, but are likely to leave before the end of the week. The boy who is killed belonged to our school. It is somewhat singular, that in the only two instances of alarm in places of worship that have happened in this town, a teacher of our school was killed in one, and a scholar in the other. The former happened in December last; I sent an account of her life to the editor of the *Christian Guardian*, which appeared in the number for March last.—(See "Sunday School Memorials.")

"*July* 10*th*.—This evening I went with an intention to spend an hour with Emanuel Lemon, but to my surprise I found he died on Saturday last, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon. The people of the house where he lived say that he died quite happy, and said 'that he had found the Lord.' He was taken with a fit of trembling on the preceding evening, whilst he was up and they were making his bed; they stopped with him until about twelve o'clock, and he told them to go to bed, as he was rather better. About four o'clock Mr. Green went to his bed-side and asked him how he was? He said, 'Rather better,' and he accordingly left him. Emanuel said, 'Good morning, may God bless you!' These were the last words they heard him speak. At breakfast time, and

during the day, he never spoke, but seemed to understand all they said; they talked to him a good deal, and be seemed to be quite happy. He has had a good hope through grace for some time, and has frequently said that he was not afraid to die. A cousin of his, a Jewess, came on Friday for the purpose of scolding him, but they would not let her stop. After she was gone he said that he did not mind her, nor anything they might say; he had told her that he had pleased himself. His cousin told the people of the house that she was sure he never had served, nor would serve Christ; they had a God of their own, and it was impossible he could serve two. They asked her if she had brought him anything. She said, 'No, let his Christ bring him something.' She was answered, 'He had, and would bring him much more.' He is to be buried at St. James's Church on Wednesday. I am very sorry that I had not another opportunity of seeing him before he died, but I have no doubt of his everlasting rest; and that he has gone to Christ, 'which is far better.'"

"*August* 13*th*. *(Sunday.)*—I have been occupied for the last week, during my leisure hours, in writing a little memoir of Emanuel Lemon for insertion in the *Jewish Repository;* this, together with a slight illness, has prevented me from making my usual remarks."

"*August* 20*th*. *(Sunday.)*—Yesterday was my birth-day. I was twenty-three years of age. The Lord has brought me hitherto, I may truly say, and I do hope in Him, that He will not forsake

me hereafter. Where shall I be twenty-three years hence? It is my opinion at present that I shall not be in this world; but it is only an opinion. My desire is that I may glorify God in all things, as long as it may please him to continue me here; and then to depart in peace at the time He chooses, and to live with Him for ever. Oh, the glories of a blissful immortality! who can express them? I felt myself truly delighted to-night, but what was that delight compared with heaven? Oh, nothing! nothing! Yet I do bless the Lord for the peace and mercies he gives me in this life."

"*September* 29*th.*—Yesterday evening I heard the Rev. Legh Richmond preach, previous to which I drank tea with him at Mr. G. Taylor's. To-day I attended the anniversary of the Manchester and Salford Auxiliary Jews' Society, and was called upon to give my testimony to the truth of Emanuel Lemon's conversion. I would rather have been silent. After this I dined at the Coach and Horses Inn with Mr. Thistlethwaite, Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Samuel Moxon. Mr. T., Mr. R., and I, afterwards went and spent about an hour and a half at Mrs. Green's house (where Emanuel Lemon lodged when alive). I am much pleased with Mr Richmond; he is indeed a true man of God, and a most fit instrument for writing 'Annals of the Poor.'"

"*December* 10*th. (Sunday.)*—The present unsettled state of the General Sunday School Committee has prevented me from making so many

remarks as I could have wished; and I have been a little employed in considering upon it, and also in writing my sentiments upon it, which will appear in the next *Chronicle of the Times*, under the signature of 'Philalethes.'"

"*December 26th.*—This day the general meeting of the friends of the Sunday Schools under the Establishment passed the 24TH RULE, which forbids extempore prayer and addresses *at any time* in the schools. *We shall never abide by it in our school.*"

"*February 27th*, 1816.—The Lord's Supper, Simon, is, as your Catechism informs you, generally, although not absolutely, necessary to salvation. It was ordained by Christ himself at his last supper with his disciples, when, we are told, after he had given thanks he brake bread and gave it to them, saying, 'Take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you;' and likewise he took the cup after supper, commanding them to do it in remembrance of Him. And I do not know of any ordinance which more forcibly brings to our remembrance the 'sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits we receive thereby,' than this.

"*March 25th.*—'Well, Ann,' said I, 'we had some conversation about the Catechism when I was here before; suppose we renew it now?'

"'Yes, Sir, if you please; I have thought of those words which you spoke to me, but I cannot say that I understand it yet.'

"'The Catechism, Ann, is an instruction in these five things:—The CHRISTIAN COVENANT;

the CHRISTIAN FAITH; the CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE; the CHRISTIAN PRAYER; and the CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS.'

"I here more minutely explained to her the first of these parts.

"'Now a covenant, Ann, is an agreement between two or more persons; wherein, *upon condition* that one of them does *this*, the other will do *that*. But if the former does *not* fulfil his part, then the latter is not required to fulfil *his* engagement. Thus it is between God and us. Although we are all born in sin and shapen in iniquity, yet God does, by the rite of baptism, pardon and remit our sins, and promises to make us 'members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"'Now,' continued I, 'to be members of Christ is to be joined to him as inseparably as our hands, arms, feet, &c. are joined to our body, and thus make one body. If *one* of our members suffer, all the rest suffer with it, and our hands cannot say to our feet, We have no need of you. In like manner should all true Christians be joined to each other, and grow up into Christ their living head, in all things. Where the head or body is, there must the members be, and if we continue faithful members of Christ's body in this life, we shall also reign with him in glory.

"'In the next place, Ann, let us consider what it is to be a child of God. Christ is called the Son of God,—he is the *Only Begotten* of the Father, and is the first-born of many brethren.

We also are called heirs of God; for it is written, 'To them gave He power to become the sons of God, even unto them that believe in His name.' Thus you see it is, that, being children, we are *heirs; heirs* of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; and *because* we are God's children, He kindly and graciously suffers us to call Him 'Our Father which art in heaven.' It is because we are the children of God, that we become 'inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.' You will mark, Ann, that I am all along speaking of those that fear God and work righteousness, and who live up to the professions they made at their baptism; for God does not permit the wicked to call Him their father. *They* are of their father the devil, and the works of their father they will do.

"'But now we come to speak of our part of this covenant. God's part I have just told you, and this He is ready, able, and willing to perform. What, then, is your part, Ann?'

"'That I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.'

"'Yes, this is the first thing; and can you say, Ann, that you have done this?'

(Shaking her head) "'No, Sir, I have not.'

"'We are told that the devil is the father of liars. Every proud temper which we carry about with us bears a resemblance to him, for by pride he fell; and have you not been guilty in these respects?'

"'Oh, yes, Sir! I have told a great many lies in my life-time. Ah, dear! what a many I have

told! And I used to have a very good opinion of myself, and thought I was good enough.'

"'And with respect to the pomps and vanities of the world, are there not many things that you have set your mind upon, of an earthly nature, which at least were useless, not to say more? And have you not sometimes been discontented with your situation in life, and wished you were better off?'

"'Yes, Sir, many times.'

"'With regard to dress, also, although you never liked fine things, did not your dislike arise from what you imagined other people might think, and not because it was unbecoming a Christian?'

"'Yes, Sir, I do not know but it might as much as any thing. I cannot say that I ever liked anything fine; I always used to be very particular that what I had was neat and clean; and I do not know but I shall be the same if it pleases God to let me get well again.'

"'In that,' said I, 'I perfectly agree with you. I like to see young people neat and decent, but not to dress above their station.'

"I here cast my eyes towards Ellen, who was busily employed in turning over the leaves of a Bible.

"'If you please, Sir,' said she, 'I have been looking for two texts in the Scriptures; one of them is in Isaiah, I think, but I cannot find them. One of them is, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' and the other is, 'Although for a *small moment* have I *forsaken* thee, yet with loving-kindness will I gather thee.' I thought,

as they seemed to contradict one another, I would ask you to reconcile them.'

"'That I will endeavour to do, with pleasure, Ellen. The word *forsaken*, in the latter of them, you must interpret as a *hiding of the face*, for the last clause of the sentence, that of *gathering* us, shews that God is as good as his word, and that although His face be *hid from us* for a short time, yet He is still watching over his people, and will never *leave nor forsake them*.'

"'I turned round again to Ann, and observed what a pleasure it was to the afflicted soul to live under the belief that God would not leave them comfortless, and that He would never leave them nor forsake them. This naturally induced me to speak of faith in general, and of the articles of our belief. I asked Ann what was the second thing she promised at her baptism?'

"'That I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith.'

"'What are those articles?"

"She here repeated a part of the creed, until I stopped her, and began to repeat it myself, sentence by sentence, very deliberately, and making observations upon each as I went along. When I came to this; 'He descended into hell,' I asked her if she knew what it meant? She paused a little, and said No, she thought not. I told her the word *hell* here meant the place of departed spirits. In like manner I asked her, when we came to the part—'and sitteth at the *right hand* of God, the Father Almighty;' and I told her

that she must not suppose that God had arms and hands as we have, but that it meant He was highest in authority. When we came to speak of the 'catholic church' also, Ann said, 'Sir, a person once told me our Saviour was a Catholic. Was He?'

"I asked her if it was not a *Roman* Catholic that had told her so. She said it was. I explained it to her."

"*April 1st.*—On Saturday fortnight there appeared in the *Manchester Volunteer* newspaper, a letter signed *Lucius*, upon the doctrine of 'Salvation by Faith without Works;' which, as it was not very clear, I inquired the reference on the Saturday after, under the signature of 'A Plain Churchman,' which called forth another letter from *Lucius* in last Saturday's paper. This last I have answered to-day, under the same signature."

"*May 5th. (Sunday.)*—W. C. yesterday night expressed a wish to speak to me this morning, which he accordingly did. He very freely opened his mind to me, and told me of several instances wherein he had not acted rightly to his former employers, and wished very much to make restitution. The amount which he thought he had defrauded them of, was about twenty shillings. This happened long ago—before he was a religious character. He expressed real sorrow for what he had done, and said it would be six months before he should have as much to spare. I told him that when he had saved as much, if he would bring it to me, I would enclose it for him in a

letter. Some time ago (perhaps some years) he paid a bad three-shilling piece, knowing it to be so, to a poor shopman in Ancoats-street; but lately he wrapped a *good one* up in a piece of paper, and went into the same shop in a hasty manner, and left it upon the counter. I am very much pleased with his sincerity."

"*June* 12*th*.—E. P. told me to-night, after the meeting was over, that his conscience had smitten him for some things which he named to me. He said that a long while ago, he had taken eighteen pence out of his father's box, and that he had taken an inkstand from the school, and a hymn book, which he had disfigured: the latter of these he intended, when he took it, to return again, but had never yet done it; indeed, for some months past he had lent it, but as soon as he could recover it, he would bring it back again, and also the inkstand. I also told him to return his father's money, which he said he would. I was much pleased with his manner, and that he was brought to such a state of repentance."

"*July* 15*th*.—Mr. Stott, Mr. Howard, and I, had a good deal of conversation about teaching a number of our scholars, and especially the teachers and monitors, in writing and accounts, and have accordingly agreed to begin in a fortnight's time."

"*August* 4*th*.—I have written out another letter to the editor of the *Manchester Magazine*, in answer to a Unitarian Layman, on the Deity of Christ."

"*September 29th. (Sunday.)*—Visited Betty C., who said—'There was a passage some time since which I met with, where it says, 'The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light,' and I thought to myself, Well! how can this be? The children of God are enlightened by his Holy Spirit, and it says that the children of this world are wiser; but when I heard you explain it, Sir, that the people of this world were wiser in things belonging to this world, and paid more attention to them than the 'children of light' did to the things of another, my heart went along with it,—I felt it to be true, and felt thankful to God that I had heard it explained.'

"'You see, Betty,' said I, 'what room there is for study in that blessed book, the Bible; and how deeply we should meditate in it, day and night.'

"'Oh, yes, Sir! I find a great deal more pleasure in reading it now than I used to do. You have often told us that we were not perfect in this world, and that we never could be so perfect in it but we might be more so; and I know it to be true, because the word of God says so. And I was once reading in the Psalms; I think it was where David says—'Mark the *perfect* man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' I thought you would be explaining it to us sometime, and therefore I would not ask you; and one night when we had done writing, I happened to stop—I used sometimes to go home before hymn and prayer, but I did not that

night—and you were speaking to us about *going on* unto perfection, and when speaking of Christians in a *dying state* you said, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' Oh! I thought I would never go home again before the conclusion, if I could help it.'

"'You see, Betty, it is good to be found in the courts of the house of our God; for it is then, in a more especial manner, that God applies the precious truths of his WORD to our souls.'

"'It is indeed, Sir; and last Saturday night but one I came to the Missionary Meeting; I did not come into the room, but stood in the other room; you were speaking or reading something just when I came, and while you were speaking you explained another passage which I could not understand before,—where the young man came running to Jesus, and called him 'Good Master,' and Jesus asked him, 'Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God.' Sir, I knew that God was good, and that Jesus was God, and I could not understand what it meant; and I was afraid to ask you, lest you should think I did it by way of contradiction; but it was not so. But when you reminded us that Jesus know the *thoughts* of all men, and their *motives*—that it was customary for the Rabbis, who were only men, to be called 'Good Master,' and that the young man gave Him that title supposing him to be only a man, and that our Saviour rebuked him on that account, I felt truly thankful that my feet had been led into his service that night.'

" 'Several other observations passed between us, and I was much pleased with our conversation.' "

"*December 1st. (Sunday.)*—I wish that I had more time to devote towards writing down the substance of conversations with various individuals upon religious subjects, or towards expressing the state of my own mind; but I am so much engaged in the school, and what leisure hours I have are so much occupied in preparations for my various duties in it, that I have not opportunity. Added to this, at the present time, my controversy with my Unitarian opponent engages a part of my attention, and as president of our Sunday School Sick Society, and one of the committee of the Building Fund, I have been lately occupied in writing prefaces to the reports of these institutions. I bless God, however, for giving me all this employment. It keeps me out of evil, and I trust is not entirely useless to others; I wish and trust it may tend also to the glory of God. Blessed be His name, I still find Him to be precious, and 'altogether lovely!'

"*June 2nd*, 1817.—This morning, about two o'clock, the 'old woman,' Catherine Prescott, died, aged 108 or 109, and I hope, has entered into the joy of her Lord. She departed very quietly, and continued sensible to the last."

"*June 7th.*—This day the 'old woman' was buried at Cheetham-hill, in St. Mark's Churchyard. The service was read very emphatically by the Rev. C. W. Ethelston, who had promised, in

her life-time, to bury her; and he also made her friends a present of a grave. About thirty of our teachers and scholars went with us; the day was wet or we should have had many more."

"*June 27th.*—For some time past I have had much conversation with Mr. Thomas Deane, and also Mr. Peter Deane, with respect to beginning business in partnership. We have accordingly agreed upon it; and a day or two ago I took a warehouse, No. 23, New Cannon-street, for which we are to pay rent £105. per annum. Our firm will be that of 'Deane, Braidley, and Co.,' and our business will be that of a general commission warehouse, for the supply of which we can have some good commissions. We intend (by God's blessing and permission) to begin next week. I feel it to be an important undertaking, inasmuch as it will affect my spiritual interests, whether prosperity or adversity be my portion. Should the former be my lot, I shall be strongly tempted to fix my affections upon the world; should the latter be my inheritance, I shall feel a temptation to be dissatisfied with my lot, and to be driven to despair:—and whether I am visited with the one or the other, the additional cares and duties of my calling may appear to be so great that religion may be given up for worldly pursuits,—the good word and work of God may be choked, and may become almost, if not altogether, unfruitful.

> 'How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
> This dangerous path to tread?'

My Heavenly Father, thou only canst be 'the

Guide of my youth!' My blessed Saviour, thou only canst save and 'redeem me from all iniquity, so that it be not my ruin!' And thou, blessed Spirit, canst alone 'help my infirmities,' purify my heart, and fit me for present and eternal bliss! Oh, thou ever-blessed and glorious Trinity—

> **'If in this darksome wild I stray,**
> **Be thou my light—be thou my way!**
> **That ALL my powers, with ALL their might,**
> **In THY sole glory may unite.'**

Oh, do thou, 'for thy name's sake, lead me and guide me,—preserve, direct, strengthen, and comfort my soul in all dangers; and amid the various contending interests and pursuits of this world, do thou ever 'unite my heart to fear thy name.' Amen, and amen!

"*November 19th.*—To-day the corpse of the late Princess Charlotte of Wales was interred. There was an entire suspension of business in Manchester, and all the churches and chapels were opened. Our Sunday scholars assembled, and we took them to the church.

"*November 23rd. (Sunday.)*—This evening I was sent for to visit Margaret Sheridan, who was represented to be in a dying state. I hastened to see her, and cannot describe my feelings at this visit. She does indeed appear to be dying. I do not recollect ever visiting any one apparently so near her latter end, except my young friend, the late Elizabeth Allen. Her struggles seem to be very great; and probably, at the time I am writing this, she is no more in this world. She was quite

sensible, and knew every word that was spoken to her. I looked at *her*, and was awfully struck with the sudden change of a soul on the eve of taking its flight to another world. I looked at *myself*, to know whether, if God should be pleased to call *me* immediately, I should be prepared to meet him. I looked at the *company*, (chiefly youth and visitors from the school,) and wondered whether they were impressed as I was. I reflected that *I* must one day put off the 'earthly house of this my tabernacle,' and that they must do the same. Several passages of Scripture came forcibly to my mind:—'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours;'—'And delivered those who, through *fear of death*, were all their life-time subject to bondage;'—'He that will *love life* and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile,' &c., &c. I wondered whether God would be pleased to sanctify this affliction to her *friends:* their sorrow seemed to be very great. But I was, most of all, touched with the manly anxiety of her aged father, who came up stairs to witness the almost departing agonies of his eldest daughter,—of one whom he probably had calculated upon to close *his* eyes; but, alas, how changed the scene!

"Mr. Scholes (of St. Michael's School), Mr. Stott, and myself, went to prayer with her. I stopped with her an hour and a half; and bless God for giving me the opportunity of witnessing the approaches of death, as I trust it did me good.

"*December 29th.*—'We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.' I am now near the close of the year in which I have attained the age of twenty-five, and hitherto I may truly say, 'the Lord hath helped me.' I have had so many mercies, temporal and spiritual, for which I have been so very ungrateful, that I am now almost led to think that afflictions are to be some part of my 'meat and drink' hereafter. Well, I would wish to submit to them from proper motives if they do come; but God alone knows best whether to send them or not. I would fain submit to his will, and would earnestly desire to serve Him 'better than before:' I hope he will give me the desire of my heart.

"I would wish for more time and opportunity to write in this little book; but stop,—why should I desire it? Perhaps my time *may* be now employed as much to the glory of my Saviour; and, if so, I would willingly forego my own gratification in this respect. I do not exactly know how other Christians feel, but, for my own part, I very often feel much condemned for my want of *humility*. I dare say many people think I *am* humble; but 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness.'

'Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!'

"*March 2nd*, 1822.—I have lately watched a gin shop on a Saturday evening, to notice the number of persons who resort to it; and the following is the result:—

1821.				Men.	Women.
Oct. 13,	at 9½	o'clock,	in five minutes,	16	22
20,	9½	"	ditto	11	18
27,	10	"	ditto	17	15
Nov. 10,	7¾	"	ditto	17	23
"	9½	"	ditto	13	24
24,	8½	"	ditto	12	21
Dec. 1,	7¼	"	ditto	10	18
7,	9½	"	ditto	16	22
Total in forty minutes, 275; viz.,				112	163

"*September 14th*.—Watched the gin shop again, at half-past nine o'clock, for five minutes, when there came out twenty men and twenty-five women."

"*August 24th*, 1823. *(Sunday.)*—The Rev. Charles Simeon preached again this evening, on behalf of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, from *Jeremiah* xxxi., 7—9:—

"I.—A command to us, verse 7.

"1. To interest ourselves for the Jews.

"2. To publish the message of mercy to them.

"3. To praise God for living in such a period.

"4. To pray to God for them.

"II.—A promise to our Jewish brethren.

"1. Their returning to God, verse 8.

"2. The manner in which they shall return, verse 9.

"3. The certainty of their return, verse 9; 'for I am a father to Israel,' &c.

"Let us apply this subject;—

"1. Seek the restoration of your own souls.

"2. Seek the restoration of your Jewish brethren."

"*August 27th.*—The Rev. Charles Simeon preached again this evening, in St. Clement's Church, from *Jeremiah* xxxii., 38—41:—

"I.—What blessings God has in reserve for the Jewish people.

"1. Restoration to their own land, verse 37; *Zechariah* ii., 4—5; *Isaiah* xxxiii, 20—22.

"2. A renewed acknowledgment of his relation to them, verse 38; *Hosea* i., 6, and ii., 1—2; *Isaiah*, lx., 16, 17, 19, and 20.

"3. To pour out upon them a spirit of piety, verse 39. (He here dwelt particularly on the term, 'fear of the Lord,' in which all Christians *united* with 'one heart and one mind.')

"II.—What security they have for the possession of these blessings:

"1. The pledge of the veracity of God, verse 41.—(*Jeremiah* xxxi. 31—33.)

"2. The power of God, verse 41.

"Application:

"1. What we, if real Christians, may expect at the hands of God.

"2. Our duty to our Jewish brethren.

"Both the sermons were excellent."

"*October* 23*rd.*—I went to see George Milner, who is very ill, and occasionally light-headed, from the effects of fever, but still in a happy frame of mind. I talked with him for a short time on the passages—'The Lord is my shepherd,' &c., 'Though I walk through the valley,' &c., 'I am the light of the world,' &c., on which he remarked —'Oh, precious words!' He said he had *no doubt whatever* that his affliction would be sanctified; and he seems to put his whole trust in the Saviour. He appears to possess strong faith and hope in the Saviour, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"*October* 27*th.*—In commencing this third volume of my Diary, I cannot forbear acknowledging that its *title* is not altogether suitable; for (like the two former volumes) it is not intended to contain notes of *daily occurrences*, but chiefly as a memorandum book, to put down anything which may be thought desirable, and chiefly relative to Sunday Schools, though not exclusively so.

It is not because of any want of the disposition so to do, that I forbear to mention many of the feelings of my soul as in the sight of God; but solely for want of the *time* which would in such case be needful. Many are the pleasing, and some the trying thoughts which frequently occur to my mind; and it would give me pleasure to write them down, for 'surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,' but my various occupations forbid me thus to indulge myself. I desire most humbly to thank the Lord

engagements I have been *called* to attend to, respecting matters totally unconnected with my own business, *all which*, except the item of 'Invitations,' were of a *purely benevolent nature*. Of course, *all of them* I could *not* attend to, though some of them, as will be self-evident, I was obliged to attend to. I have also calculated the *time* they would have taken to fulfil, as follows:—

"Calls made upon me, 67, which, at ten minutes each, would occupy	670	minutes.
"Calls made by me, 15, do. do.	150	ditto.
"Letters received, 12.		
"Letters written, 13, do. do.	130	ditto.
"Committee meetings to attend, 8, at 80 minutes each.....	640	ditto.
"Sick persons visited, actually, 5, at 30 minutes each.....	150	ditto.
"Number of hours in Sunday School, 18½.....	1110	ditto.
"Invitations to parties of friends, 13, at 2 hours each.....	1560	ditto.
(Of these I accepted one)		
"Total.....	4410	minutes,

which is equal to 73½ hours (in a *fortnight*), and at the rate of 10½ hours for a working man's day, is equal to seven days, or *just one half of my time*.

"B. Braidley."

"*March 22nd*, 1831.—I have so long neglected my Diary, owing to the variety of occupations which, of late years, have required my attention,

(and especially for the last four or five years, during which I have been called upon, successively, to fulfil the duties of sidesman, churchwarden, and constable of Manchester—duties of no slight importance in a population consisting of 200,000 or 250,000 inhabitants,) that I scarcely know how again to commence it. I have lately, however, been so much interested in reading the Diary of old Thomas Cliffe, (who died last year, aged 78,) that I have formed the desire of continuing it, even if I write down nothing more than is contained in a single line I hope the Lord will give me time, inclination, and ability to do so, as I verily believe it will be for my own benefit and pleasure in after life."

"*March 23rd.*—This evening at seven o'clock, the news arrived of the passing of the *second* reading of the Parliamentary Reform Bill in the House of Commons: the numbers for it were 302, against it 301, leaving a majority of one. The division took place at three o'clock this morning."

"*March 25th.*—Corrected the press to-day for the second and third editions of the 'Sunday School Memorials.' Mr. Ambery, the bookseller, intends to publish 2,000 of the second (or cheap) edition, and 500 of the third; in all 2,500. There were 1,000 copies printed of the first edition."

"*April 5th.*—This day the churchwardens appointed for the parish of Manchester, at the Collegiate Church, were Mr. Robert Ogden, Mr. Samuel Fletcher, and Mr. William Crossley,—all very good friends of mine, whom I highly respect.

I afterwards dined with the old and new churchwardens at Hayward's Hotel, in Bridge-street, and took the opportunity of recommending that the quarterly veal-pie dinners should be held on the Saturday or Monday, instead of the Sunday, as they have hitherto been. In the evening I attended our religious meeting at school."

"*April* 10*th*.—Attended at the Collegiate Church this morning, and heard the Rev. Henry Fielding, M.A., the clerk in orders, preach from 1 Cor. xv. 58. In the afternoon attended the Bennett-street Sunday School, and afterwards St. Paul's Church, where I heard the Rev. John Piccope, M.A. preach from Galatians vi. 9. In the evening attended the Sunday School, and explained to the children the 30th chapter of Genesis; about 400 attended. The Rev. Mr. Haslegrave, chaplain of the workhouse, came as a listener, and expressed himself to be more gratified than ever he had been since he came to Manchester. My friend Mr. Massey, of London, supped with me in the evening.

"*April* 16*th*.—Corrected the press to-day for the 'Sunday School Memorials.' Mr. Samuel Fletcher and Mr. Rupert Ingleby waited on me to-day, at the request of the Chamber of Commerce, to ask me to go on a deputation to the king's ministers, on the subject of the Parliamentary Reform Bill."

"*April* 19*th*.—Arrived this evening in London, at a quarter-past six o'clock, after a very pleasant journey. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stocks, of Heaton

Norris, and Miss Grime, of Manchester, were my fellow travellers."

"*April* 20*th*.—Mr. Shakespeare Phillips breakfasted with me this morning, at the Union Hotel, Cockspur-street, London. We afterwards waited on Lord Stanley and Mr. J. W. Patten (our county members), and entered into full explanations on the subject of our deputation; but in consequence of General Gascoyne's amendment having been carried, at five o'clock this morning, in the House of Commons, by a division of 299 against 291, whereby the number of *English* members is not to be diminished, it was thought desirable for us to wait until Friday, to see what course government would adopt before we asked for an interview with Earl Grey and the other ministers."

"*April* 21*st*.—I went along with my kind relations, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Miss Berry, of Golden Square, to Richmond, in Surrey, and was much pleased with the excursion."

"*April* 22*nd*.—Mr. Phillips and I called on Lord Stanley and Mr. Patten. I gave Lord Stanley the two clauses for the intended Reform Bill, which he had requested of me on Wednesday; but both he and Mr. Patten thought that, as a dissolution of parliament might be looked for, any interview with Earl Grey would be useless. Accordingly, in the afternoon of to-day, the king went down to the House of Lords and prorogued parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution."

"*April* 23*rd*.—I went along with Miss Berry this forenoon through the Tower of London; and in

the afternoon we went through the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park."

"*April 24th.*—I heard an admirable funeral sermon this morning, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, M.A., vicar of Islington, at Bentick Chapel, Marylebone, on the death of the Rev. Basil Woodd, M.A., late minister of that chapel, from Acts xi. 24:—'For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord.' I afterwards dined with my friend, Mr. Thomas Massey, at Maida Hill; and in the evening heard the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, M.A. (curate of Bentick Chapel, and editor of the 'Christian Observer,') preach another funeral sermon for Mr. Woodd."

"*April 25th.*—Travelled by way of Oxford to Birmingham, where I stopped all night."

"*April 26th.*—Returned home by way of Lichfield, to Manchester."

"*May 11th.*—To-day Benjamin Heywood, Esq. M.P. was escorted into Manchester by a numerous train of carriages, and a crowd of more than 100,000 people, in consequence of his election yesterday, without opposition, as a county member for Lancashire."

"*May 23rd.*—The Rev. R. M. Masters, of Burnley, preached the annual sermon for the Sunday Schools at the Collegiate Church; the collection was £42. The morning was very wet. In the afternoon, the boroughreeve and constables and the churchwardens dined with the preacher, at the Very Rev. the Warden's, along with other

clergymen. Both the Warden and Mr Masters were pleased to pay me a very high compliment for my 'Sunday School Memorials.' Old Catherine Prescott formerly lived in the family of Mr. Masters's ancestors, at Croston."

"*July 6th.*—I had a long conversation to-day with Mr. Wm. Mee, who called on me in reference to the Sunday School jubilee, which is intended to be celebrated on the 14th September next, being the birth-day of the founder, Mr. Robert Raikes; and I agreed to take the chair next Wednesday evening, at a meeting to be held on the subject."

"*July 11th.*—Attended to several public duties to-day; among the rest I attended the private meeting at the York Hotel, to consider who were the proper persons to represent Manchester, in case the Reform Bill should pass. The second reading of the bill was passed by the new parliament recently called (I mean the House of Commons), some days ago, by a majority of 136, there being for it 367, against it 231."

"*August 15th.*—This morning the boroughreeve and constables decided upon a procession to take place on the day of the king's coronation (the 8th September.) In the afternoon I attended the scavenging, &c. committee, at the Town Hall; and in the evening the general committee of Sunday Schools of every denomination, appointed to take measures for celebrating the jubilee of Sunday Schools, on the coronation day."

"*August 19th.*—This day is my birth-day, and I most humbly desire to return my hearty thanks

to my Heavenly Father for his great care and preservation of me all my life long until this day! I know that it is ENTIRELY of His free goodness and mercy, through Christ, that I am thus spared and thus blessed with so many temporal and spiritual mercies. Oh, that he may keep me in His ways unto my life's end, through Jesus Christ my Saviour! Amen."

"*September* 8*th.*—This day the coronation of King William the Fourth was celebrated, and a very large procession was formed of Sunday Schools belonging to all denominations (now containing 38,000 scholars in Manchester and the neighbourhood, though they could not all attend by reason of the wetness of the day), and of the different trades, 31 of which went in procession, as well as of many clubs of Free Masons, Odd Fellows, &c. &c. forming altogether a most imposing sight. The procession commenced at half-past nine in the morning, to Ardwick Green, where the National Anthem was sung, and a *feu-de-joie* fired, and the whole was concluded about three o'clock, or half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. It was altogether a very splendid procession."

"*October* 17*th.*—I was this day elected borough-reeve of Manchester, by the Court Leet held under the Lord of the Manor. In the evening the new officers dined with the jury, and spent a very pleasant evening. My colleagues, the constables, are Mr. Wm. Haynes, and Mr. Henry Forth."

"*November* 1*st.*—To-day the news was received of the riots in Bristol, and of the destruction of the

bishop's palace, the prisons, and many houses there. The notorious Henry Hunt, M.P. for Preston, harangued the mob at St. Peter's field to-day; it all passed off quietly."

"*November 4th.*—I took the chair this morning at a meeting of commissioners of police, and afterwards attended the consecration of Christ Church, Acton Square, Salford (the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A. minister), the *first* church consecrated under the new act of parliament lately passed. I was at the cold collation afterwards, in the school room. The Bishop of Chester preached an excellent sermon at the church, which is to be published; the text was Luke x. 5:—"Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."

"*November 11th.*—The first meeting of the Special Board of Health was held to-day, in the boroughreeve's room, Town Hall; and it was agreed to call a meeting of leypayers, to get their sanction for the expenses, on Thursday next."

"*December 31st.*—This day concludes another year. I thank the Lord of heaven and earth most heartily for the *innumerable* mercies I have enjoyed in it, and bless Him also for those fatherly chastisements which He has sent for my good. Oh, may my heart be found always grateful to Him, and always disposed to yield Him that honour and devotion which it is not less my privilege than my duty to render to Him! May the Lord grant this for Christs' sake. Amen!

"*Jannary 1st,* 1832. *(Sunday.)*—My cough and cold were so troublesome during last night,

that I stayed at home this forenoon, much against my will. In the afternoon, after I had been at school, I went to St. Paul's, where Mr. Piccope preached. In the evening, not being able to find a substitute, I explained the latter part of the 49th chapter of Genesis at school.

"I have now entered upon another year, and I know not whether I may see the end of it. Not that I have any fears about it, for, I thank the Lord, that with the exception of my cold, I never enjoyed better health in my life. But I know the uncertainties attendant upon the possession of any blessing, and therefore, while I thank the Lord for my present enjoyments, I desire always to remember that I am dependent upon HIM ALONE for their continuance. Oh! may he grant me his grace 'so to pass through things temporal that I finally lose not the things eternal.' I humbly, most humbly beseech Him to grant me such strength and grace as may enable me to acquit myself of all my temporal duties to the satisfaction of my fellow members of society, but chiefly so that I may please Him! And I do also earnestly entreat Him to grant me His strength, that I may please Him in all my spiritual endeavours for His glory; and I beg of Him to enable me to glorify Him MUCH and OFTEN. My public office as boroughreeve of the large and populous town of Manchester, makes me more than ever looked up to by others; may the Lord grant that I may glorify Him in this and every other situation of my life, and may He bless me abundantly

this year with all temporal and spiritual mercies, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

"*January 27th.*—I consulted with J. F. Foster, Esq. (one of the magistrates) to-day on the propriety of putting down the political meeting to be held on Sunday next, which we agreed to do. He has got a letter from Lord Melbourne (the Secretary of State for the Home Department) on the subject."

"*January 28th.*—The magistrates, borough-reeve, and constables, agreed to and issued a placard this morning for putting down the meeting to-morrow. I afterwards took the chair at the Board of Health."

"*January 29th. (Sunday.)*—As some few of the radicals (about four or five hundred) were determined to meet to-day, I went along with Mr. Lavender, (the deputy-constable) and two or three hundred special constables, and took eight of them into custody. Upon one of them (Robert Gilchrist) we found several charges of gunpowder and some pistol flints; and upon another (Thomas Faux) we found a dagger, with a side pocket in his top coat made on purpose for it. Messrs. Foster and Lloyd, (the magistrates) took the evidence against them in the afternoon, in the Town Hall, and they were committed to the New Bailey prison."

"*March 5th.*—This evening the adjourned annual meeting of the Sunday Schools under the Established Church in Manchester and Salford (being the first ever held in public) was held in

the Exchange dining-room; the Rev. C. D. Wray in the chair. Several excellent speeches were made by the Rev. Messrs. Fielding, Jackson, Frost, Huntingdon, Hutchinson, and Stowell. Collection £7. 17s. There was a full attendance."

"*March 27th.*—Our improvement bill was read a third time in the House of Commons to-day, and passed. I was under the gallery (*i. e.* IN the House) when it passed, as well as during the debate on the petition presented by Mr, Hunt from Curran, Broadhurst, &c., now in prison at Lancaster for holding an unlawful meeting on a Sunday at Manchester. I afterwards dined with M. T. Sadler, Esq., M.P., and Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M.P. for the University of Oxford, dined with us. We spent three very pleasant and profitable hours. In my morning visit to Mr. Sadler, he was pleased to speak in very high terms of my 'Sunday School Memorials,' and said he had been quite interested in reading them last Sunday. He afterwards took me down to the House of Commons, and I was under the gallery from nine o'clock until half-past one in the morning, and heard the debate on the Irish tithes question."

"*April 1st. (Sunday.)*—This morning Mr. Grundy and I attended St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate-street, and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Edward Grey, D.D., rector of that parish, and Dean of Hereford, (brother of Earl Grey) from Hebrews iii. 12, 13, 14:—'Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief,' &c. &c. We afterwards lunched with

Mr. Bousfield, No. 12, St, Mary-Axe, and then heard the Rev. Mr. Neale, at St. Clement Danes: it was a probationary sermon (the afternoon lectureship being vacant). I should think he would not obtain the lectureship. I dined at Mr. Berry's. Mr. J. T. (recently a teacher in our Sunday School, but now a resident of London) spent the evening with me at the Old Hummums. Lord, I thank thee for this Sabbath day; pardon all my negligences, ignorances, imperfections, and sins, for Christ's sake! Amen.

"O Lord, give me a good night's rest, and let me arise in the morning 'rejoicing in thy love!'"

"*April* 14*th*.—I attended the Board of Health this morning at the Town Hall. In the evening Mr. David Stott and I walked over to Fairfield. We attended the evening service at the Moravian Chapel there. This evening, at half-past nine, the news arrived that the Reform Bill passed the *second* reading in the House of Lords this morning at seven o'clock: for it, 184; against it, 175; majority, 9."

"*May* 8*th*.—This evening the news arrived that Earl Grey and the ministers were beaten by a majority of 35 in the House of Lords, in an early stage of the committee on the Reform Bill; the numbers being, for ministers, 116: against them, 151; majority, 35."

"*May* 27*th*. *(Sunday.)*—An extraordinary meeting of some members of the Board of Health took place to-day, in consequence of a strong case of 'cholera morbus,' *i. e.*, of Asiatic cholera, hav-

ing made its appearance. In the afternoon the Rev. John Piccope preached at St. Paul's. In the evening I went to the Collegiate Church, where the Sunday School children are now practising their hymns for the approaching anniversary on Whit-Monday."

"*June 27th.*—Attended the Board of Health, when it was agreed to report the cholera cases which have occurred since the 18th of May, (29 in number) to the central board in London."

"*July 23rd.*—The Lord be praised! Hitherto the *cholera* does not make much progress in Manchester; we have only had 108 cases in all since the 18th of May. In Liverpool there have been more than two thousand."

"*August 2nd.*—This morning I attended the public meeting of leypayers, when a grant of another thousand pounds was made to the Cholera Board of Health, and afterwards attended two meetings of the Reform Celebration Committee, at which the day of celebration was fixed for Thursday, the 9th instant."

"*September 2nd. (Sunday.)*—A good deal fatigued after my journey. After attending the Collegiate Church this afternoon, when the Rev. Oswald Sergeant preached, a riotous mob broke the windows and set fire to the van, &c. of the Cholera Hospital, in Swan-street. I was in the midst of the affray, but no *material* damage was done."

"*September 3rd.*—At the Board of Health a diligent inquiry was made into the *cause* of the

riot yesterday, which turned out to be that one of the servants of the hospital had cut off the head of a dead child; a shameful thing. We published a placard on the subject, the leading outlines of which I drew out myself."

"*September* 8*th*.—Only eight new cholera cases to-day. I gave notice at the Board of Health of a motion on the subject of closing the public-houses for the greater portion of the Sunday."

"*September* 26*th*.—I attended the Board of Health yesterday as usual. The cholera cases are now so much fewer, that the board sits only three days in the week."

"*October* 8*th*.—This day the Court Leet re-elected me boroughreeve, and the late constables, my colleagues, were re-elected constables of Manchester. We dined with the jury at the Mosley Arms. O Lord, help, guide, bless and prosper me in this duty, in my *calling*, and my duties to thee, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

"*October* 18*th*.—Attended a meeting of ley-payers this morning, when a further grant of £2,500. was made to the Board of Health. In the afternoon I walked over to Oldham, and stopped all night at Mr. James Lees's."

"*November* 21*st*.—The cholera cases have been much less numerous for some weeks past. For the last week, say from the 14th to the 21st, there have been only *nine*."

"*December* 1*st*.—Yesterday my colleagues and myself had a pleasant and satisfactory meeting with the gentlemen representing the different

candidates for the representation of Manchester, and arranged many parts of the proceedings attending the election in a satisfactory way. The candidates are—Mark Philips, Esq., Wm. Cobbett, Esq., Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq., John Thomas Hope, Esq., and the Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thomson, Esq., Vice-President of the Board of Trade. I was engaged from about two o'clock in the afternoon to *nearly twelve*, in calling over the lists, &c., of the electors."

"*December 4th*—In the evening, for about two or three hours, I was present *(incognito)* AFTER a dinner given to John Thomas Hope, Esq., one of the candidates for Manchester. I heard several excellent speeches, especially Mr. Hope's. About 650 dined, and more than 150 *besides* took wine with them. It was really an interesting assemblage, and was held at the Theatre."

"*December 5th.*—This day I received, in my official capacity, THE FIRST PRECEPT FOR THE ELECTION OF TWO MEMBERS TO SERVE FOR MANCHESTER IN PARLIAMENT. A most important document."

"*December 6th.*—This day I proclaimed the first election for the borough of Manchester, from the steps of the Town Hall. I should think 1,000 people were present."

"*December 9th. (Sunday.)*—O Lord! be graciously pleased to bless, direct, and preserve both me and all my fellow-townsmen during this busy week of the election, and let there be no riot, tumult, or obstruction to disturb our peace. Amen!

"The Rev. Oswald Sergeant, A.M., preached at the Collegiate Church this morning; and the Rev. J. Haslegrave, B.A., Chaplain to the Workhouse, at St, Paul's, in the evening. After the two sermons to-day at St. Paul's, collections were made for the Sunday Schools, amounting to £111., of which £12. 13s. was collected at our school."

"*December* 12*th*.—This day was an important one for Manchester, being the first day of the election. Mark Philips, Esq., William Cobbett, Esq., Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq, John Thomas Hope, Esq., and the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson, Esq., were nominated, at a meeting held in St. Ann's-square; and although rather *uproarious*, it was not so much so as election meetings for large towns generally are. It all passed over quietly, and the poll begins to-morrow. May God grant that the whole may pass off peaceably! The square was completely full, and contained about 15,000 people."

"*December* 13*th*.—The polling to-day has passed off very quietly indeed, and MOST ORDERLY. From all that I have heard, it has been, so far, the most orderly election for a large town that ever was conducted. God grant that it may continue so!"

"*December* 14*th*.—With the exception of a few windows being broken, &c., belonging to the committee of Mr. Poulett Thomson, this day has passed off very quietly; for which I am very thankful."

"*December* 15*th*.—This morning, at about a quarter before ten o'clock, we announced the final

state of the poll, in front of the Town Hall. The numbers were,—

For Mark Philips, Esq.....	2923
„ William Cobbett, Esq.....	1305
„ Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq...	1832
„ John Thomas Hope, Esq...	1560
„ The Right Hon. Charles P. Thomson	2068
	9688 votes.

Whereupon Messrs. Philips and Thomson were declared duly elected. Thank God! all has been quiet."

"*January* 1*st*, 1833.—O, my Heavenly Father, I do most earnestly entreat thy grace and guidance throughout the year on which I am now entering! Without thee I can do nothing. Neither my temporal nor spiritual affairs can prosper unless thou be my sole director! Do thou, then, O merciful God, take care of all that belongs to me, and of all who are connected with me by any ties whatsoever! Bless and prosper my going out and coming in—my lying down and rising up—both now, henceforth, and for ever,—for the sake of Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son.—Amen!"

"*April* 11*th*.—Messrs. John and Wm. Jones, and other friends, dined at our house to-day—previous to which, in consequence of an argument about our weights, I was weighed, and found myself to be 16 stone 1½ pounds, or 225½ pounds: height 6 feet 1 inch, with my thin shoes on.

"*April* 14*th.*—This being the day appointed for a general thanksgiving for deliverance from the cholera, collections were made in the different churches, &c., in Manchester and Salford, in aid of the 'District Provident Society.' That at the Collegiate Church, was £32. 16s.; the Rev. C. D. Wray preached. The Rev. John Piccope preached at St. Paul's, in the afternoon."

"*May* 19*th. (Sunday.)*—The Rev. O. Sergeant preached at the Collegiate Church this afternoon. I got a letter yesterday from S. M. Phillipps, Esq. Under Secretary of State, saying that his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans would arrive in Manchester on Wednesday next, and requesting me to shew him every attention in my power."

"*May* 24*th.*—His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans and suite arrived by the railway from Liverpool. My colleagues and myself met him, and had an hour's conversation with him; after which he set off for Brighton. He is a fine, intelligent, clever young man, not yet twenty-three years of age. I was much pleased with his remarks on many topics."

"*October* 6*th.*—The Rev. R. Parkinson, A. M., preached at the Collegiate Church in the morning; and the Rev. John Piccope at St. Paul's, in the afternoon. In the evening, I explained the 21st chap. of Romans, at the school. Two clergymen of the Church of Scotland were present, (the Rev. Mr. Munro, the pastor of the Scottish Church, St. Peter's-square, and the Rev. Mr. Black, minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow,)

who expressed themselves to be highly gratified. They afterwards spent two or three hours with me."

"*October 7th.*—Took the chair this morning at a committee meeting about the intended Blind Asylum."

"*October 8th.*—Was so occupied this evening with papers about the Blind Asylum, that I could not go to the school."

"*October 13th. (Sunday.)* — The Rev. H. Fielding, A.M., preached in the morning at the Collegiate Church, and the Rev. John Piccope, M.A. at St. Paul's, in the afternoon. I spent a delightfully quiet evening at home, in reading, &c. O Lord make me more and more to prize my manifold privileges and blessings! Give me more sorrow for sin, more hope in Thee, a greater conformity to Thy will, a greater zeal in all that belongs to thy cause on earth and my own salvation! I am very glad to *think* that I am going out of office as boroughreeve, to-morrow; I do hope I shall have more time than I have had for reading, &c. &c. and that I shall use it well. God grant that it may be so! Amen."

"*October 14th.*—This day Robert Chapman Sharp, Esq. was chosen boroughreeve, and Francis Hodgson, Esq. and Edward Brooke, Esq. constables of Manchester. I and my colleagues dined with the stewards of the Court Leet and the jury, at the Mosley Arms. I thank God that I am now fairly out of THIS public office, although during its continuance. I have derived much

pleasure, support, credit, esteem, and as many compliments as any one perhaps who has filled it. I shall yet have many things to do in connection with my former office of boroughreeve."

"*October* 31*st.*—In the morning attended a meeting of the 'Cholera Board,' when that board was dissolved. O Lord! I thank thee for the mercies bestowed upon me this month!"

We have thus exhibited the leading events of Mr. Braidley's life, from the period when he appears *first* to have commenced keeping a diary, till he finally resigned his public functions as boroughreeve of Manchester. From these extracts it will be seen how, especially in his earlier years, he laboured "more abundantly" for the good of those around him, and particularly such as were connected with the Sunday School. Nor was it here alone, or in the chambers of the sick and dying, that he was found a faithful and diligent servant of his Lord; his nights were given to laborious studies, and the exercises of the pen. The books he read were on subjects of divinity, and of a religious kind; and particularly did he ponder over the pages of Inspiration; and from that sacred source derived such instruction and comfort, encouragement and delight, as the world could neither give nor take away. Of those precious hours he often spoke at the religious meetings at the school; exhorting his hearers above all things to study the Scriptures, and to be found instant in prayer. It will be seen, too, that his pen was sometimes occupied in religious controversy; that he wrote papers on various

subjects; and especially the "Sunday School Memorials;" a book of which many thousand copies have been sold, which has been highly prized by the religious world,—republished, as we shall subsequently find from his journal, in America, and of which a new edition is now preparing. These Memorials, chiefly concerning young persons who had been connected with the Sunday School, and written in a style at once simple and forcible, are eminently interesting and instructive; particularly that of "the old woman," Catherine Prescot; which for graphic power and effect could scarcely be surpassed by the most accomplished author. Of course, when elected to the public offices of the town, his attention was greatly withdrawn from the occupations in which he had taken such constant delight; but he returned to them as he had opportunity, and loved to engage in them to the last.

It is interesting to remark that, as boroughreeve of Manchester, he was the returning officer of the first members that were elected to serve this borough in parliament. The ability, impartiality, and urbanity which on that occasion he displayed, were a subject of general remark, and endeared him to men of every political party; while the facts which he has recorded, coming from such an authentic source, must be matter of reference to future historians of Manchester.

The ability and zeal with which he had served the people of Manchester, could not be overlooked or unhonoured. He had twice been elected

churchwarden, constable, and boroughreeve (the highest municipal office then extant), and at a public dinner given by the leading parties of the town, a costly service of plate was presented to him, as a token of the esteem and regard in which he and his services were held. This perhaps was the brightest period of his career. His society was sought by the highest classes among whom he dwelt; whilst the religious world looked up to him as an ornament and a leader.

Thus distinguished and respected, it need not be a matter of surprise, that on a vacancy occurring in the parliamentary representation of the borough, the eyes of many were turned towards him, as one who would fill it with honour to himself and advantage to the public. Accordingly he was solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination, by such a body of his fellow-townsmen as must have done honour to any man, however exalted his station or his talents. With this request, after much deliberation and consultation, he thought right to comply. And though unsuccessful, he received such support as, it was universally admitted, would not have been conceded to any other "conservative candidate." For he was a conservative in the best sense of the word. He loved his country, his church, and his king; and dreaded much the violence of democracy, and the rash legislation which then but too much prevailed. Had he been returned to parliament, he would have been found a ready speaker and debater; thoroughly conversant with the leading political questions of

the day; and well acquainted with, and alive to, whatever might have been of advantage to the great community amongst whom he dwelt.

But we must now accompany our friend over the broad Atlantic, and during his sojourn in a foreign land. He had connected himself with the unfortunate "Northern and Central Bank of England," which bank, owing to the calamitous times of 1836-7, was, along with several other similar concerns, obliged to suspend payment. In consequence, he was solicited by the directors to repair to the United States of America, in order to realize to the utmost the large assets due to the bank in that country. He sailed from Liverpool for New York, on Sunday, the 17th of December, 1837, in the packet-ship *England*, Captain Waite,—and we shall give such extracts from the journal which he kept during his voyage, and his residence in America, as may appear most likely to interest the reader. Many of these extracts will be found to be written with great power, beauty, and effect; particularly his description of Niagara, the Shakers, and much of the majestic scenery of the country—as its mountains, forests, and rivers; a country, indeed, which seems to have been designed to be the abode of a race of giants, both in intellect and stature. The intelligent reader, also, will not fail to remark with what candour he treats the Americans and their institutions; hereby contrasting most favourably with certain noted writers, who, having visited the States for the purpose of making a book, seem to have

devoted their talents to the mere caricaturing of the Republicans. The Writer of this Memoir has, indeed, no innate regard for the people of the United States, their institutions, constitution, or government. He believes them, in the main, to be a degenerate, proud, ignorant, dishonest race; but there are many noble examples to the contrary, and these are not to be overlooked in the general estimate of the people:—

"*December 17th.*—My friend Mr. Harper, junr., stopped all night, and saw me on board to-day. I regretted much that I had not an opportunity of going to church; but before and after I got on board, I read the Morning and Evening Services of the Church of England, several chapters of the Bible, &c., (according to my custom, whenever deprived of attendance at church,) two Sermons by the late Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Ballaugh, and one of the Rev. Charles Cator's Sermons, (rector of Stokesley.) I know not what sort of a sailor I shall make, but at the moment I am writing, (eight o'clock in the evening,) the bawling and shouting on board, (necessary, I presume, on the starting of a ship, and on going through the channel,) distract my attention a good deal; and the motion of the vessel, to which I am unaccustomed, makes it difficult for me to write. I hope I shall manage better as I go along. The captain is a very pleasant man,—and, I believe, understands his business well. There is only another cabin passenger with me, Charles Beckwith, Esq., of London, who seems likely to prove an agreeable companion.

'And when the voyage of life is o'er,
And all its toil completed,
May you on yonder heavenly shore
By angel hands be greeted!—
There may we meet with all our friends,
To share the bliss that never ends!'

"May such sentiments, feelings, and prayers be ever mine, and may the merciful kindness of God rest on the heads and hearts of those who have expressed such kindly feelings towards myself!"

"*December 24th. (Sunday.)*—This is the first Sunday which I ever spent wholly on the sea; and I have regretted much my inability to attend the house of God. The wind is still contrary; and having been much stronger to-day, renders it difficult to *write*. I have, however, had much opportunity for reading; and I trust I have not read in vain the services of the Church, (which I think I admire the more, the more I peruse them,) and the three or four sermons, &c., which have this day occupied my attention. Oh, how thankful we ought to be that one day in the week has been set apart by a kind and merciful God, to recall our wandering affections from worldly objects, that they may be fixed upon heavenly realities; and the hours of it spent in a serious preparation for that eternal inheritance which God has prepared for them that love Him! Many of my thoughts also, as well as my prayers, have been this day given to the dear relatives and friends whom I have left behind me; many of whom (and especially my Sunday School friends) have, I doubt not, sent

up their prayers on my behalf. May the Lord cause all of us to make the best use of our time here, and to improve all our privileges; so that when our earthly course is ended, we may all meet together in heaven at last!

"My fellow-traveller, Mr. Beckwith, has been unwell for the greatest part of the time since we started, and the three fore-cabin passengers have also been affected with the rocking of the vessel, &c. To-day the captain himself felt rather sickly; but I have not felt the slightest symptom of sickness myself. I thank God for his mercies hitherto."

"*Christmas Day.*—This term, whilst writing it, brings to my mind many pleasing recollections, accompanied also by regrets. Had I been at home, the day would have afforded me the opportunity of dining, in all probability, with my friends at Culcheth Hall, and of joining, afterwards, the large circle of 200 or 300 friends at tea in the Bennett-street Sunday School. I have thought of them much during the day, and have fancied I have seen them at the church, at the Sacramental table, and (whilst I am writing, seven o'clock) in the Sunday School. May God grant that we may all meet in peace again ere long; and bless ALL my friends who are this day around their social fire-sides in England, enjoying the society of their relatives and friends!

"We have had another hazy day, and the wind still not favourable. The second mate of the ship has been sick and ill to-day. We have made but

slow progress in our voyage. We have been rather more than eight days at sea, and yet we have only got on the Atlantic to-day. We are in latitude 51° 21′, and in longitude 11°, or thereabouts; so that we can scarcely be said to have made 400 miles of direct distance.

"In reading, to-day, one of the sermons of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, sen. from the text—'This is not your rest,' (Micah ii. 10,) he alludes to the expectation of finding rest in this state of our existence, as being equally vain with the expectation of finding rest on the troubled *ocean*, amidst all its rolling waves, &c. &c. Whilst reading his remarks, I felt the force of his allusion. What with the rocking of the vessel, the incessant creaking of its timbers, the frequent interruptions, by night and by day, of the sailors engaged in their necessary avocations, the difficulty of either walking, standing, or even sitting, the noise of the waves beating against the ship, the tumbling about of the articles of furniture in the cabins, &c. there cannot be said to be any long interval of 'REST' on the ocean. A fit emblem this of HUMAN LIFE; which Bishop Horne (I think) suitably compares to a VOYAGE; the WORLD being the SEA; the CHRISTIAN CHURCH the SHIP; the TROUBLES OF LIFE the WAVES; and HEAVEN the PORT at which we are aiming; whilst SATAN, the great enemy, being the 'Prince of the power of the air,' is the STORMY WIND, hindering as much as possible the direct course of the Christian to the home and 'haven where he would be.' Each of these ideas, though

it is but from memory that I quote them,) and here I may add how much I feel the want of my books,) has furnished me with matter for thought to-day—a day justly regarded as a holiday by the Christian world.

"The beautiful services of the church of England for this day have brought forcibly to my mind the stanzas of HENRY KIRKE WHITE, entitled the 'Star of Bethlehem;' which, as I have nothing that at this moment particularly engages my time, I will quote as correctly as I can from memory:—

'When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train
Attracts the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

'Once on the stormy seas I rode—
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark;—
Deep horror then my vitals froze—
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

'It was my Guide, my Light, my ALL;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,—
For ever and for evermore,—
The Star, the STAR OF BETHLEHEM!'

"*December* 31*st*.—The last day of the year 1837, and the Christian Sabbath! Reflections crowd upon each other on the review of the events of the past year, to myself, my friends, my country, the church, and the world at large. Surely, we know not what even a *day* may bring forth—much less a *year*. 'Go to, now, ye that say To-morrow we will go into such a city, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' I pray God, that this reflection may teach me, more and more, to depend upon the gracious and providential dispensations of His infinite wisdom, rather than upon my own devices and efforts; and that, whilst my own plans and exertions, as a responsible agent, may not be wanting, the crown of SUCCESS in all my proceedings may be placed upon me by HIM who alone can counteract the unruly wills and affections of men, and guide my footsteps into the paths of peace.

"'The last day of the year!' When will arrive the last day of my life? 'The Christian Sabbath.' When shall I be admitted (and a consciousness of my manifold sins and infirmities starts the question, shall I *really* be admitted) into those mansions where an *eternal* Sabbath is reserved for the people of God? These are serious and solemn considerations. In the thoughtlessness of unimproved leisure, or amidst the hospitalities and friendly enjoyments of a Christmas season, they may be too frequently driven from the mind; yet

they are not FANCIES but REALITIES; not bugbears to frighten the weak and ignorant, but solid and substantial materials for thought to the well-informed, the judicious, and the sober-minded. I humbly desire the Father of mercies, the God of all comforts, to enable me hereafter to *use* these materials as the sources, under His especial blessing, of greater conformity to His will—of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-men—and of a more earnest preparation for that inheritance which He has prepared for them that love Him."

"*January* 1*st*, 1838.—New Year's Day,—and certainly a very rough day it has been. We have had the strongest gale of wind to-day, right a-head of us, that we have yet encountered in our voyage. Just after dinner a heavy sea came over the deck, burst open one of the doors of the landing-place at the top of the cabin, called the carriage-house, and flowed down the cabin stairs in abundance; and we have had, altogether, a very unpleasant day for weather, though accompanied with a bright sun for a large portion of it. Captain Waite says he does not remember a gale equal to this during the last ten years.

"Being New Year's Day, we all partook (passengers and crew) of the customary American beverage of 'Egg-Nog.'

"May God bless and prosper both me and all my friends and connexions during the year, in all our proceedings, temporal and spiritual! This is my sincere and very earnest prayer."

"*January* 19*th*.—The temperature of the sea

water to-day, was 43°, being 18° less than it was last Saturday. The reason is that we were then in the *gulf stream*, and have now been out of it for two or three days. This large stream (the gulf stream) comes from the Gulf of Mexico, runs northward, or north-eastward along the coast of America, takes a turn south-eastward towards the Azores or Western Islands, and there, after running a course of 1,800 miles, loses itself. It must be a very powerful current, after coming such a distance, to influence the heat of the water and air as it did on Saturday last, and on the Wednesday previous. To-day we have had a dense fog all day, in consequence of the south-westerly wind, which, blowing across the warm gulf stream at the point of its junction with the colder north-eastern sea, forms the sort of steam or mist which we have had, and which is always experienced in this part of the Atlantic when the wind blows from the same quarter. The thermometer in the sun to-day was 57°, and the fog was so dense all the day, that we could not have distinguished any object on the sea at a distance of more than 200 or 300 yards from the ship. The gulf stream in the latitude of the island of Cuba is about 81° in heat, being only 3° colder than the Buxton waters; and it loses about 2° of heat for every 3° of latitude to the northward. It varies in width during its course, from 40 to 300 miles; and at the point where we touched the edge of it, the extreme breadth (had we gone directly across it) would have been about 200 miles."

"*January* 25*th*.—At seven o'clock this morning we saw the land, and in half an hour after a pilot came on board. The "Garrick" and the "England" were both at anchor near Sandy Hook at the same time, and the two captains with their passengers went up to New York by the same pilot boat, where we all arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. It is singular that the same thing occurred to the two captains and their ships on their last journey to Liverpool. I humbly thank the Father of all mercies for our safe arrival! Mr. Beckwith and I are stopping, at present, at the *Astor House*, Broadway, a very large building, seven or eight stories high (including the cellars), about 220 feet back and front, and about 180 feet on each of the sides, forming a hollow square in the centre of the building. They make up about 500 or 600 beds, I believe, and have about 300 rooms. The dining room is about 100 feet in length, and of a proportionate breadth,—and will, I am told, dine 400 persons. This is not the busy season here, but yet there are a good many boarders; and the charge is so many dollars per week (I don't yet know how many), *exclusive* of private rooms, wines, porter, ale, and other liquors. It is rather too *bustling* for me; and I should like to have a little more of my customary English quietude for reading, writing, &c."

"*January* 26*th*.—To-day I got my luggage from the ship with no annoyance from the custom-house officer, who was remarkably civil. I had not been twenty-four hours in New York when a gentleman

accosted me by name in a bookseller's shop, where I had gone to purchase a book. I found it to be Mr. Homer (Mr. J. H. Homer, I believe), who formerly resided in Manchester. I was much engaged to-day on matters of business."

"*January 27th.*—A good deal engaged to-day on business. On passing from street to street I am struck with the beauty, not to say splendour, of the city, the regularity of the main streets, and the height of many of the houses. The warehouses and offices of the merchants are finished in a superior style, and look much cleaner and neater than in Manchester, Liverpool, or London. The quay sides, however, are very sloppy and dirty, and not to be compared with Liverpool. The drays are nearly all drawn by one horse, and are two-wheeled, without sides or ends, having only four or five upright poles instead, to keep the goods from rolling off. The men stand in them and drive at a *trotting* pace when empty, and sometimes when loaded, if not too heavily so. The horses are good sized, and somewhat lighter than the Cleveland breed of English horses. Many of them, in fact, look like English half-blood horses, and are smart enough for gig, coach, or even riding horses. About the quays there is much less of that rude and rough *noisiness* among the porters than we see in our English sea-ports. The people are more respectful in their manners, and inclining more to gravity than the same classes in England. They are very civil when asked a question, but still they answer with a degree of *independence,* so to

speak. In height they are about the same as the English, or rather taller, but they are more slim in their make, more thin in the face, with something between a Roman and a Grecian nose; and altogether more of what may may be denominated *sharp-featured*. They are as quick in their paces as the people of London; and if they had a little more of *rosiness* in their complexion, and were rather more stout in person, would remind me much of the Londoners. I had a letter of introduction to Robert Jaffray, Esq., who received me with much cordiality and kindness, soon after my arrival on Thursday evening, and who introduced me to his amiable and handsome lady, her mother, and sister. I had not been in the house ten minutes before wine and cake were introduced. I was glad to find from Mr. Jaffray, who is a good observer of society, that the morals, habits, and sense of true honour among all classes of the people here, have improved very much of late years. He has been acquainted with New York thirty-two years; and on asking him to what he attributed the improvement just spoken of, I was much gratified to hear him say, 'Why, Sir, I attribute it principally to the effect of the Bible, Tract, and Temperance Societies. They have been large in their operations, and extensive in their influence.'

"The shops here are smartly decorated, and remind me much of some of the shops (only that they are more elegant) in the City-road and Commercial-road, London, in consequence of their

having upright posts, for the purpose of throwing sheets or blinds over them in summer, fixed at the curb stone, and a sign-board at the height of about seven or eight feet running from post to post in front of the shop window. The people dress well; the working people better than in England. Of the latter class, however, near the quay sides, where they assemble in threes and fours, ready with their drays, for a job of porterage, &c., I perceive that the *white* people generally assemble by *themselves*, and the *black* and *coloured* people by *themselves*. Their drays are never drawn by more than one horse; and, of course, they don't carry heavy weights at once."

"*January 28th. (Sunday.)*—I most heartily thank my Heavenly Father for the enjoyment of another Sabbath in the courts of His house, the service of which has appeared to me sweeter than ever, doubtless because this is the *seventh* Sunday since I have been able to attend it before. We went to *Trinity Church*, Broadway (Bishop Onderdonck's), in the morning, and heard the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, a cousin of Mrs. Midwood's, of Manchester, from Job xxi. 15:—'What profit should we have if we should pray unto Him?' We afterwards partook of a family dinner with our worthy Captain, his mother and sister, intending to go in the afternoon to the church which he attends (also an Episcopalian); but we were sorry to find he had not got over the fatigues of his journey, and was obliged to lay up all the day. We went (I mean Mr. Beckwith and myself) to *St. Paul's Church*

(Episcopalian), and singular enough, heard Dr. Wainwright again. The reason is, that he is on the point of coming to this church, as an alternate preacher to it and the other. His text was from the First Epistle of St. John, 5th chapter and 4th verse:—'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' The service was very well read on each occasion, and the singing was solemn and impressive. Each sermon was a minute or two short of half an hour. Both morning and evening services were a little curtailed from those of our church; we were in church one hour and three-quarters in the morning, and one hour and ten minutes in the evening. In the evening service (there having been *afternoon* service, I believe), there was only *one lesson* read (that from which the text was taken), and one chant sung. There was also a shorter selection of psalms read than the one for the afternoon service, and differing from them. After the collect for the day, all the other prayers were omitted except one; and the prayer of our Communion Service for 'all sorts and conditions of men,' substituted in their place. After the concluding psalm was read, instead of the '*Gloria Patri*,' the '*Gloria in Excelsis*,' ('Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men,' &c. &c. to the conclusion) was very solemnly sung, and had upon me, I hope, a very impressive effect. The text was taken in the evening, thirty-five minutes after the service was begun. The sermons were well and seriously delivered, and were really very good.

I thought, however, that the preacher might have *amplified* a little by way of appeal, and of improvement of the subjects. The congregations were good, and all well dressed; and we were soon, and politely, shewn into a pew with books on each occasion. I have *read* that the *ladies* in America are almost the *only* church-goers, and I think Mrs. Trollope, in her publication, states the disproportion to be as great as either nine-tenths, or nineteen-twentieths. Certainly this was not the case in the churches we have been at to-day. The proportion of gentlemen was *quite* as great as in England. There was no *clerk* on either occasion, and the two clergymen (the reader and the preacher) sat on a platform enclosed before the pulpit, on two arm chairs, and raised about the height of our Church of England reading desks. The *responding* of the congregation, without a clerk, was much louder than in Manchester; nearly, perhaps, as loud as is usual in the London congregations; but the *singing* was not much joined in by the people. The *reader* gave out the psalms, hymns, and also notices of charity sermons in another church, and of catechetical instruction in his own church, immediately after the Communion Service in the morning. There was no short prayer in either case, in the pulpit before the sermon, but one collect after the hymn had been sung at the conclusion, previous to the blessing.

"In Trinity Church there is a fine monument over the altar to the memory of Bishop Hobart. The churches are neat, large, and well fitted up.

"I thank God, with all my heart, for the enjoyment of another Sabbath! Oh, may I prize this holy day as long as I live, and *then* enter that Eternal Sabbath which is reserved for the people of God! Amen."

"*February* 1*st*.—I have been so much occupied with business that I have not, before now, had time to write down any remark. The weather was very warm when we arrived, in fact, as mild as an English April, and as bright a sun; but on Sunday and Monday it became very cold, and continues intensely so up to this time, but the sky is remarkably clear, and the dust in the streets very annoying. On Monday evening Mr. Beckwith and I went to the steward's house (of the *England*) who is a man of colour; we thought we should like to see how they were in the habit of living. The house is as large in front and height as our house in Lever-street; I think a little larger. It has three stories, besides the cellar, but only *two* (large) rooms on each floor. He lets off all the first and second stories, as well as the cellar, and he himself and family occupy the topmost story, making the front room into a good-sized parlour and bed room, as neatly furnished as a room need to be, with an excellent English carpet and hearth rug, &c. &c., and the other room (which I was not in), I suppose, will serve the purposes of a kitchen, with probably a bed in it. He told us that the *rent* of that portion which he kept for himself was 133 dollars, or about £27. sterling for the uppermost story.

We met at his house his wife, child, mother-in-law, and wife's sister; the mother-in-law and daughter were much darker in colour than the steward, and were very civil and obliging.

"On the Tuesday evening we again had a stroll out, being moonlight and very dry and fine weather, but cold. We went into a shop in Greenwich-street, to ask the price of a pair of shoes and boots, and entered into conversation about American habits, customs, prices, &c., with the occupier, whose name was *Taylor*. We had not been in conversation above two or three minutes, when his wife came out of the small sitting-room and joined us. We soon found they were both of them English, the husband from the neighbourhood of Market Weighton, and the wife from Norfolk; and she said to me, the tears coming into her eye at the time,—'Oh, Sir! I heard it was an English tongue that was speaking, and it always gives me such pleasure to see anybody from the old country, that I was forced to come out and speak to you.' I think they are doing pretty well in their business, and they have no family. They have been here seven years, but it soon appeared that although inclined to stop in New York, they in many respects preferred England. The wife said, 'Comfort, Sir! there is scarcely any comfort here; we have no English comforts; and the *ways* of the people are so very different to what they are in England! and as for cheapness—what rent and taxes do you think we pay for this house and shop by the year?' Mr. Beckwith guessed it at

100 dollars rent, being only two stories high, with a garret of wooden lathed windows, besides the cellar, and built entirely of wood, We were surprised to find the rent to be 600 dollars, and taxes 36 dollars,—say more, in all, than £125. a-year. I am satisfied that, in a similar situation in Manchester, it would not have let for half the sum—perhaps not more than £40. or £50. a-year. I happened to remark that I thought we had quite as great *opportunities* of being happy in England, and as much *liberty* to be so, as in America. 'Liberty, Sir,' said Mr. Taylor, 'when they come in here and talk to me of liberty, I say to them, Why what liberty have you got? Look at all the unpleasant work we have had lately.' He added, that the people here seemed to be in a constant state of *ferment*, and never to be easy in consequence of their party divisions, and the want of that sort of sociality which in England we call good neighbourhood; they all seemed to be thinking of *themselves*, and very little about *other people's* comfort.

"Yesterday evening, after finishing my letters for the packet, I went to hear Mr. J. S. Buckingham (formerly M.P. for Sheffield), lecture on the cities of the Philistines, Joppa, Tyre and Sidon. He lectured for two hours. He has been here for some time, and has been well listened to. I was much pleased,—I will say edified and instructed, by his remarks, and by the elucidations which he continually gave to Scripture History and Prophecy. I spoke to him after the meeting; but just before I

did so, a young man came up to me on the platform, and asked me if I was not Mr. Braidley from Manchester. His name is Kent, the brother of Messrs. W. and J. Kent, of Manchester; I asked him to call at the Astor House, where I have now got a private sitting-room. Mr. Kent had scarcely pronounced the word 'Manchester,' when a stout gentleman who stood near, and who had just left Mr. Buckingham, turned to me and said, 'Manchester! Sir, I was born in Manchester, and used to know a gentleman there more than thirty years since whose name was very like yours, and who was an officer in the volunteers.' I found that it was James Brierley, Esq., our worthy magistrate, whom he referred to. His own name, he told me, was Molineux. He said that there were several natives of Manchester now resident in New York.

"The *Astor House* is a comfortable house, but conducted in a different way to our English hotels. The house, as I have said before, forms a square, with what is called a well in the centre. It is about 75 yards by 60, and built of granite-stone, with marble pillars inside, six stories high in front, and eight or nine in some parts of the back. The dining-room is 30 to 35 yards in length, and of a proportionate width, and will dine 400 people. There were 112 sat down at once yesterday (besides some few who came in afterwards, and for whose use another table is always kept ready for late comers), and so admirable is the order and regularity of the waiters, that the dinner, consisting first of

soup and fish—next of all kinds of *substantials* and made dishes, including wild ducks, wild geese, &c.,—then puddings, tarts, and other sweetmeats—and then the dessert,—all of which was done, the table-cloths removed, &c., in fifty minutes from the moment the summons was given for dinner. In half an hour from the time of sitting down, nearly one-half of those who dined had finished; and at the time the dessert was set on the table, only 25 of the 112 remained. In ten minutes after this, Mr. Beckwith and I arose, after dessert—making just one hour from the time the dinner came on the table. There is the same *order* pursued at breakfast and supper. The breakfast is at nine, dinner at half-past three,—tea six, supper nine; but if you come a little later, there is no difficulty about it. Their charges for wine in New York are very high. Out of more than forty different marks or brands of Madeira which you can have at the Astor House, only five are as low as two dollars a bottle; three at two-and-a-half dollars, seven at three dollars, two at three-and-a-half, three sorts at four dollars, fifteen sorts at five dollars, two at six dollars, two at seven, one at eight, one at nine, and one at *twelve dollars, or fifty shillings per bottle.* The lowest port wine is two dollars, and NOT AT ALL equal to what is usually had at first-rate hotels in England. In fact, if you want wines as good as in England, you must give fifteen or twenty shillings a bottle; and for *Madeira* wine, *more* than these prices;—but the Madeira wines here are in general better than in England. At this

house they use about 250 to 300 tons of ICE every year. Winter and summer it is the custom here to drink ICE WATER at dinner, iced champagne, &c.

"Yesterday, Mr. Beckwith and I were accompanied by Mr. J. S. Underwood (who resided for some years in Manchester), who introduced us to the Mayor of New York, Aaron Clarke, Esq., a highly-respectable man, with whom I conversed for some time. We looked through the City Hall, which is built of a pinky white marble, where are placed the full-length portraits of General Washington, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Van Buren, De Witt Clinton, Commodore Decatur, Gen. Jackson, Gen. Bolivar, &c. &c. We afterwards went to the Halls of Justice, now erecting in the Egyptian style, and which will confine two hundred prisoners, each in separate cells, on the solitary plan, where work is provided for them, and they can earn as much as suffices for their maintenance, or even more. It appears to be extremely well adapted for its intended purpose, and is a splendid building of granite-stone. The City Hall is a very large and fine building, faced with pinky white marble as above stated. We went to Washington Square afterwards; it is about 500 yards long and 300 wide, and is surrounded by some excellent houses, as is also St. John's Square. On our way we passed a church built of white marble, and several *houses* with the *steps* leading to them *also* of white marble. The houses let very high here. A good house, such as would be let in the outskirts of Manchester for £100. or £120. per year, would let here for £300. or £350. From all that I can learn,

house and shop rents, indeed *all* rents, are certainly more than double—nearly treble—to what they are in Manchester. The difficulty of getting good domestic servants is very great, and their wages are high. Even those who come from England and Ireland soon learn to carry themselves as the others. They never say 'my master,' or 'my mistress,' but *Mr.* so and so, and *Mrs.* so and so. They get seven or eight dollars a month, but do not often stop long in one situation. We called in at an oyster house last night, and found the waiter to be an Englishman. He came over two years ago as a carpenter, but he said he had not been here more than a day or two before the other workmen told him he must not say 'The master,' but 'The Boss,'—that being the name by which the master is distinguished.

"On Thursday evening, Mr. Beckwith and I dined with Mr. Tucker, of the firm of Crafts, Stevens, and Tucker. Mr. Crafts was there, whom I at once recognised as having seen in Manchester. There were present also Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Brown, Miss Crafts, and Miss Prentice; and we had a really social English evening. I tasted oyster soup for the first time, and it is excellent. We had an excellent dinner and a hearty welcome."

"*Feb. 4th. (Sunday.)*—This morning Mr. Underwood very kindly accompanied us to his seat in the Presbyterian Church, Wall street, where we heard an excellent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Phillips, from Micah vi. 8:—'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of

thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' I afterwards went to the Sunday School for African and coloured children, attached to St. Philip's Church, where I distributed a few tracts, &c.; among the rest 'Old Catherine Prescott,' which the American Tract Society have printed in considerable quantities. In the afternoon we went to the African Episcopal Church, St. Philip's, where the Rev. P. Williams, jun., preached. He is a *coloured* person, about half and half, and gave a very good sermon from Esther v. 9—13 verses, upon the pride of Haman towards Mordecai, and his punishment; it was really a suitable sermon. There was a good congregation, say four or five hundred, and, with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, all black and coloured persons. I am quite sure that in point of dress, behaviour, attentiveness, plentifulness of books, with ability to read them, and joining in the responses, with singing (led by an organ and choir), they are much *above* the average of our English congregations, taking town and country together. Indeed there are not many congregations in Manchester who would be considered more respectable; and yet because of their *colour* there is no association on the part of the white people with them. Of course in the State of New York they are all FREE; and some of them appeared in what I should call wealthy circumstances; but that makes no difference; the whites wont associate with them in the way of hospitality. OH, THIS IS TOO BASE! I am glad to find from several of my

friends here, that they wish it was altered. One of the teachers or superintendents of the school, a very respectable, intelligent, and well-dressed young man, introduced us to Mr. Williams, the episcopal clergyman of the church, and I was really much pleased with him. He gave me his address, and said he should be glad if I would call upon him; which I fully intend to do if I have the opportunity.

"In the evening we went to the outskirts of New York, three miles, to hear Bishop Onderdonck (the Bishop of New York) deliver a *lecture* to the young men who are candidates, from the seminary, for ordination. He took no text, being only a *lecture* (after prayers of course). It was at St. Peter's Lecture-room, the church (a new one now erecting) not being ready for opening for a few weeks. It was very impressive, well delivered, and contained all the essential topics of sound Divinity; such as the fall of man, the atonement of Christ, and the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence to renew the heart unto righteousness; with earnest exhortations to them, that in making these points their study, they would evidence their reality by the holiness of their own lives.

"In all these congregations to-day, which were large, the proportion of males and females was just about what it is in England. I have not yet seen anything of the separation of males and females into different sides of the church, which I have been told prevails in some parts of the States.

"As we came out of the African Church, the people were running to a *fire;* but the burning down of half a dozen houses or more is so common, that it creates no alarm in New York. There has not been a day since my arrival, but one or more *fires* have taken place, and in some of them several houses have been destroyed. They are chiefly the old wooden built houses; and the people of New York do not seem to be very sorry about them; for they say, much better houses will be built in their stead.

"I find much difference here in the *pleasantness* with which a stranger is answered a question which he may ask of a working man in the street. The American operatives answer you very *shortly*, not amounting exactly to disrespect, but still shewing a strong feeling of *equality*, as much as to say, 'You are better dressed than me, but I am as good as you.' The English and Irish residents here, on the contrary, are very civil and *obliging* in their manner. In many instances I have proved the difference by asking them what countrymen they were. The respectable Americans—*i. e.* the class of merchants, &c.—on the other hand, are very polite to strangers; will give themselves a good deal of trouble to oblige you, and to gratify your curiosity: and *this distinction must always be borne in mind.* I am afraid that the *democratic* spirit amongst the working classes of the population is doing great injury to them, by inducing feelings of *envy, discontent,* and *selfishness;* thus sapping the

foundations of all religious progress and comfort. However, I shall perhaps be able to form a better opinion by and by."

"*Feb.* 8.—The *business* of New York is in a very bad state just now. Since March last more than two hundred failures of wholesale houses have taken place, the debts embraced in which are calculated to amount to £20,000,000., say twenty millions sterling, and the supposition is that not more than one-half will be paid. There are 500 wholesale houses here, and 104 importers, making more than 600 in all; and it is said that not more than sixty or eighty are trustworthy. The people of this city seem to have been almost *mad* within the last four or five years. Building plots of land have been laid out in the outskirts (for streets) for several miles in extent, say for *one hundred and sixty thousand houses*, which, upon the scale of building now prevalent in New York, would accommodate, on a very moderate calculation, fifteen hundred thousand persons, in addition to the present population (which is about 300,000); and these plots have been sold at such enormously high rates as to *ruin* many who were previously esteemed wealthy. Rents are enormous, but the bad times are reducing them about one-third. Mr. Jaffray's warehouse (five stories) twenty-one yards long by eight broad, is rented at 7,000 dollars (£1,400.) a year, and two years ago he might have had 10,000 (£2,000.) a year. There might have been got for the land on which it stands, two years ago, 30,000 dollars, or £6,000.,—say more than £36. per

square yard. Many similar cases have been mentioned to me.

"The currency is in a shocking state; there is scarcely anything but *paper* to be seen. It is very difficult to get *silver change* out of a *dollar note* in any of the shops; and I have actually got, as *part* change out of a dollar note, a *note for twelve and a-half cents*, that is, for an *English sixpence*."

"*February* 11*th*.—There are several *tall* people among the citizens of New York, but I have as yet seen very few *stout* ones. I really believe there are not fifty men in New York who, if weighed in a pair of scales, would beat myself; and I find that in going along the streets, they sometimes turn round and look at me;—I suppose it is because they think I am an extraordinary size. I generally also go without a top-coat, whilst the American gentlemen are usually muffled up in fur cloaks, &c. The ladies are, I think, a *little* taller than the English ladies in general, and more slenderly made; they are, in general, handsome, and in their dress approach the French fashion, inclining a little however to the English. Those of them whom I have hitherto been favoured with meeting are very pleasant and agreeable in their manners. I have *seen it* 'written in a book' that they are not good *walkers:* now I differ from this. They certainly take but short steps, but they are taken *gracefully;* and there is a *reason* for their doing so, which is not sufficiently considered. The water which falls on the flags and

pavements very soon *freezes* here; and if any lady were to take a *long step* whilst walking upon this ice, I have a notion that the *consequence* would be that a hearty *fall* would teach her to *step shorter* for the future; and there is no saying how far this *prudential habit* may have grown into a *fashion*."

"*February* 13*th*.—The hackney coaches are good here; but the fares, as well as those for porterage, errands, &c., are very high. On the first evening of my arrival, I hired a coach to go to Mr. Jaffray's (about a mile and a-half), and had the coach in waiting for me whilst I stayed there; the *time* occupied was about an hour and a-half, and the fare was *two dollars*. Wages of clerks, servants, &c., are also very high. The men who light and keep up the fires of the Astor House (and there are two who do nothing else), have fourteen dollars, or nearly £3. per month; the waiters (twenty or thirty in number), about twelve dollars, or nearly £2. 10s. per month, beside their meat, and also what they get *given* to them by the boarders,—for, although there is no *rule* for this, *custom* has made its way in this matter, and you are always expected to *give* them something.

"In scavenging and cleaning the streets, as well as soughing, paving, &c., New York is *far* behind Manchester and the generality of our large English towns. The pavements in the middle of the streets are composed of irregular boulder stones, with gaps or holes every now and then, enough to break a horse's leg if unused to them. The grids being often stopped by the floatings of

vegetable matter, ashes, &c., which are thrown into the streets, cause the water to accumulate and freeze, and there is great danger even in the day time, if you are not careful—but especially at night—of tripping up your own heels by treading on the ice. The *flags* also, at the sides of the streets, as well as the brick pavements where flags have not been put down, are very uneven, compared with Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, London, &c., leaving holes for the lodgement of water and ice, so as to require all your care in order that you may not fall. *Pigs* are every where to be seen in the streets, and are, in fact, the best scavengers in New York, by taking away the offensive vegetable matter, so that (at this time of the year at least) the nasal organs are not at all offended. I have been told more than once since my arrival here, that one important reason why the *pigs* are not *prevented* from traversing the streets of New York is this;—that any man who would advocate such a course, would offend the labouring classes so much, by thus interfering with the liberty of their *pigs*, as to forfeit their votes and support in the attainment of municipal and other offices. I have little doubt that time and experience will remedy these defects, but at present they form drawbacks to the splendour of New York. For myself, having had, not very long before I left home, so severe a fall one evening, by stepping on an orange peel, I feel it particularly needful to watch my footsteps, as I generally go at *full pace;* and as I have said

before in reference to the ladies of New York, so I may say of the gentlemen—*prudence* requires that they should take *short steps*, in winter at least. I feel, however, that I too often disregard this, especially when thinking intensely as I go along the street; but, thank God, I have escaped hitherto without either a slip or a fall."

"*February 25th.*—At three o'clock, I went to the 'Tabernacle,' a free Presbyterian church, and heard a good sermon from the minister (Mr. Duffield), to a large congregation. The text was, St. John's Gospel, chap. xvi., ver. 9:—'Of sin, because they believe not on me.' In his prayer, the minister prayed earnestly for the removal of 'that stain upon our country, the slavery of our fellow men, against their own wills, and for the benefit of others.' This is the *first* time I have heard this subject introduced by any of the clergy. The congregation appeared quite to approve of the prayer; and yet, on looking to *one side* of the church (a very large one, capable of holding 2,400 or 3,000 persons, seated), I saw *all* the coloured people, decently and respectably dressed, sitting THERE: so strong is the power of prejudice here against the coloured people, *even when they are* FREE."

"*March 12th.*—Having nothing particular to do after twelve o'clock to-day, I strolled into one of the *auction rooms* of New York; I had been in them before, but not to stop long—I stopped half an hour to day. These sales are for goods by *wholesale;* and certainly, if any English merchant could have seen the *rapidity* with which his goods

were knocked down, at the most *arbitrary* prices, but RARELY, VERY RARELY, GOOD prices—he would be staggered in his desire to send further consignments. Yorkshire woollen cloths were selling when I went in, and during my stay: I am no great judge of them, but I should be inclined to say, from what I *could* judge, that *all* were sold at a loss—and some at a great loss. A nice superfine broad cloth, the colour 'invisible green,' as it is called, was knocked off in about a minute or a minute and a half, at 2¼ dollars per yard, and would nett about 6s. 9d. to the exporter, as this price, of course, must pay all duties and charges. Other things (woollen) went in proportion, varying from 1¼ to 2¼ dollars per yard. They are seldom more than a *minute* in knocking down a lot; and these sales are always understood to be *bonâ fide; i. e.*, there is no *buying-in again.* There were ten or a dozen who seemed to have come as buyers, and as many more lookers-on. It is impossible to describe in writing the quick volubility of the auctioneer; but the language is something like this:—'A fine piece of superfine broad cloth, gentlemen, invisible green; who will make me a bid for this cloth? A beautiful cloth, gentlemen. I want a bid—a bid—a bid—a bid—a bid—a bid—a bid. What shall I say, gentlemen, what shall I say? One dollar and a half is bid, gentlemen—one and a half—one and a half—one and a half—only one and a half, gentlemen—going, going, going at one and a half—one dollar sixty cents, one sixty, one sixty, one sixty, one seventy, one

seventy-five, one seven-eighths, one seven-eighths,' &c. &c.; and so he goes on until, in double quick time, down it comes at two dollars, perhaps. In goods which are not so expensive, the lots are put up in eight or ten pieces, or quarter or half cases, &c. This auction system is much reprobated by the respectable merchants of New York. The British consigner, however, must always remember that if he wants to sell his goods IMMEDIATELY, the AUCTION-ROOM is the ONLY place for that purpose—and he must take his chance accordingly; for if once *offered* at auction, his goods are not to be *withdrawn*.

"I afterwards went to the 'Protestant Episcopal School,' Varick-street, and was politely presented with some of their school books, but not being in school hours, I did not see their mode of instruction.

"After dinner to-day, I went at four o'clock to a large out-of-door meeting in the 'Park,' near the City Hall. It was a meeting of the *Loco-foco* party, as they are called. This party *used* to be called Radicals or Tories (the *Conservative* party here being denominated *Whigs);* but, at one of their meetings sometime ago, in the winter, at Tammany Hall (their *usual* place of assembly), some of the opposite party having contrived to extinguish the gas lights, and this intention of theirs having become known before-hand, each of the Radicals who went, took with him a pocket light, called a '*loco-foco*' match, or light; and when the gas lights failed, they each struck up

their own light, amidst shouts of laughter, and ever since then the party has got the name of '*Loco-foco's*.' The meeting this afternoon was called for the *ostensible* purpose of expressing an abhorrence of *duelling*, and of pledging the parties assembled not to support by their votes a candidate for any public office, either as Mayor, Member of Congress, &c. &c., who would either give or accept a challenge, or who would have anything to do with a *duel* except to *prevent it*. This, considered as an abstract question, is a right conclusion; every Christian must abhor duelling. But *Christian* principles had, I fear, very little to do with the meeting. The parties, whether in or out of the House of Representatives, who usually by their coarse language PROVOKE duels, are those very *Loco-foco's* themselves; and in point of fact, their *resolutions* (which were passed of course), if adhered to, will just have the effect of *emboldening* any man of violent temperament, to give loose to his scurrility, and then screen himself from accountableness upon the plea, that *he has given a pledge never to accept of a challenge*. The resolutions themselves, therefore, may be looked upon, I apprehend, merely as a screen for any man who may choose to say all manner of evil *falsely* of another. The meeting was over, after three or four rodomontade speeches, in about three quarters of an hour. Perhaps two or three thousand persons were present—many of them from mere curiosity. There was none of that *ferocity* of feeling exhibited by the crowd which is some-

times witnessed in an English assembly of this kind. Several of the aldermen and leading men of the city were on the balcony of the City Hall above, watching from mere curiosity, and occasionally laughing at the proceedings. One *loco-foco* in the crowd near me, looking up at them, said,—'There's a pretty set to be fathers of the city; I thank God they *aint* the fathers of my children!'

"The proprietor of the Astor House is John Jacob Astor, Esq., who is by far the richest man in New York, and worth, some say, six millions, and some fifteen to twenty millions of dollars. The ground floor of the building is divided into ten shops in front, leaving a handsome flight of granite steps in the centre of the building for an entrance into the hotel above; and three shops at each of the ends. Mr. Wreaks's store is 43 feet in length by 13 in width, besides a recess at the end; and the whole area is 720 square feet, or 80 square yards; and for this he pays a rental (including the taxes, which are not great) of 1700 dollars, or about £360. per annum, equal to £4. 10s. *per square yard*. The *whole* of the shops, (sixteen in number) let for 18,000 dollars, and the *ultimate** rent of the Astor House *above*, *i. e.*, including all the rest of the building, will be 27,000 more; so that the income arising from this splendid pile of building to the proprietor, is 45,000 dollars, which is between £9,000. and £10,000. per annum. The furniture of the house,

* As it has been built only about two years, the proprietor lets it for LESS than this at present.

about 50,000 dollars in value, also belongs to him; but upon this amount he receives a per centage for interest, &c. &c. There are now about 300 inmates of the house; about 150 to 200 dine daily at the gentlemen's table, and 30 or 40 at the ladies' table, besides others who dine in their own apartments. A parlour, without board and lodging, on the first floor, (*i. e.*, above the shops) is charged five dollars per day; this charge decreases as you rise upwards;—for mine, which is the story below the attics, and which I prefer to the others in consequence of its commanding a view over both the south-eastern and south-western sides of the city, is only 10 dollars per week; *i. e.*, exclusive of my bed room, &c. Any body who has important business to transact here, MUST have a private room. There are none of those accommodations in any room in the house which an English *coffee-room* in London or Manchester presents; *i. e.*, no spaces boxed off; no separate tables set, &c. &c. In no room in the house, except the dining room (which is never used for any purpose but breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper), is there more than one table, and that one common to all the inmates; so that to *write*, especially with a variety of documents and papers on your table, or to have private conversation with a friend (which is often very important), would be impossible without a private room.

"In reading the newspapers from the Southern States, one is often struck with advertisements which appear strange, and much at variance with

the abstract principle of FREEDOM. This evening I was reading at the Exchange, a Savannah paper of March 3d, in which occurs the following advertisement:—

'Administrator's Sale.

'For Sale, *Isaac*, *Lilly*, and *Peggy*, three likely negroes, and one-fourth of sloop MASON, one horse, one barouche, one gig.—TERMS CASH.

'Raymond Clay, Administrator, &c. &c.'

"When will the people of this free country shake off this disgraceful stain upon it,—this trade in and SALE OF HUMAN FLESH AND FACULTIES; this selling of HUMAN BONES and BRAINS; this dealing in FLESH and REASON! Oh! say what men will,—this is horrible;—first to buy and sell human beings as BRUTES, then to be allowed by law to TREAT THEM LIKE BRUTES; and after having degraded them thus to the LEVEL of brutes (oh! cruel!)—to allege THEIR BRUTALITY AS A REASON FOR NOT ALTERING THE SYSTEM! Shameful, shameful; my very blood boils at the thought. I am afraid that if I should go into the slave-holding states, I should be getting into some scrape; I know it is almost hopeless and useless to ARGUE the point THERE; and it is even positively DANGEROUS TO DO SO. I am very much afraid, however, that my tongue will bring me into some unpleasantness if I go. Another sale, in the same paper of the 5th March, is advertised as follows:—

'Tax Collector's Sale,

'To be sold, before the Court House, to-morrow, during the usual hours of sale, a negro man, named

TOWERHILLS. He will be sold to satisfy the state and county taxes of Hugh Rose; amount 45 dollars 21 cents, with costs.—Signed,

David Bell, T.C.C.C.'

"Here is actually *one man sold* to pay *another man's debts!* And for anything we know, may be separated from his wife and family!—and all this for about *ten pounds of English money!* Oh! shocking!! I know that many of the planters and others treat their slaves *well*, and wish some alteration; but I complain of the SYSTEM.

"*March 24th.*—I have been so occupied with several matters of business this week, as not to be able to proceed towards Philadelphia until to-day, when I left the ferry boat at New York for Jersey City, at a quarter before nine, and at nine o'clock took the railway car for TRENTON, where I now am, and intend leaving by the first *Railway* train on Monday morning for Philadelphia. We passed through *Newark*, a town of about 14,000 inhabitants; Elizabeth Town (about 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants); Rahway (about 4,000); Matouchin (a village); and New Brunswick, about 4,000 or 5,000. At this point, 33 miles from New York, we left the railway conveyance, and took the *stage coach* through Kingston and Princeton to this place, which is 27 miles from New Brunswick; and as I wish to have a quiet as well as economical Sunday, I intend stopping until Monday morning. Nine-tenths of the houses in all these towns are neatly built of wood; and at this time of year, in consequence of the almost universal want of paving and sewering,

the streets are as dirty and as rutty as some of the by-lanes in England; with the exception of a yard or more from the houses, which is paved with bricks or flags. The roads are absolutely now like an English ploughed field after a thunder storm; and if any body should be troubled with *Dyspepsia*, and want a downright *shaking up* for about four hours and a half, I can vouch for it, if he is not satisfied with this ride in his heart, he will be in his bones. If any body could have told me that a four-wheeled carriage upon leather springs, with four horses and fourteen passengers, with luggage, could have come 27 miles in the time we did, without having at least *fifty* overturns, I could not have believed it. The horses are well trained; and I am told there are rarely any accidents. One accident, however, happened to-day, which might have been serious to me, not personally, but in other respects. The stages here are not constructed as in England; they are like covered waggons, with one seat in front *outside*, having room for three persons; and four seats inside, *across* the coach, with room for three on *each;* that part of the luggage which is *heavy* being placed *behind* the coach, and that which is *light* on the top. The jolting was such to-day, that the cord which bound my trunk with all my clothes, papers, &c. in it, was broken by its severity: and my trunk fell off without the chance of any body about the coach observing it. I thank God, however, that a man happened to be working in a field close at hand, who observed it, and beckoned to the coachman immediately, and it was soon restored to

its place again. It is very possible and perhaps probable that it might not have been *lost* (as we neither met nor passed many travellers on the road), and at the next stage I might have ridden back for it;—but the necessity for doing this was providentially prevented.

"In all the TOWNS we went through to-day, they are well supplied with churches of different denominations, say, on the average, with more than one to every 1,000 inhabitants. TRENTON contains 5,000 or 6,000 people; and there is an Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, African Methodist, Orthodox Quaker, and Hicksite Church or Meeting House. At this point the *Assumpeck* river falls into the *Delaware;* and it was at this very town and neighbourhood that, in the early part of the American war, General Washington was hemmed in by the British troops (under either Generals Howe or Clinton); and had the British commander begun his work THAT NIGHT, as one of the junior officers advised, perhaps the whole American revolution might have been nipped in the bud; and Lord Byron's laconic couplet would still have been true:—

> 'Treason never prospers; what's the *reason?*
> Why, *when* it prospers, men *don't call* it treason.'

On the occasion referred to, Washington crossed the Delaware in boats during the night, and going down the other side of the river, attacked and beat another division of the British forces (the Hessian troops), and by this victory gave new

vigour to the hopes and exertions of the revolutionists. I have been much struck in considering this subject to-day. If ever any thing rests upon *my* mind TO BE DONE, however late at *night* it may be, I always like to *begin with it*; and I have been *frequently* kept up till two, three, four, or five o'clock in a morning—never feeling tired with it, and sometimes I have never gone to bed. I know my friends (many of them at least), blame me for this; but they don't *know*, don't *enter into*, and *cannot appreciate* my feelings and reasons.

"The water-falls of the ASSUMPECK here are pretty, and supply several mills with water power. Two of these are cotton mills. I went up to the door of one of them, and received a hearty reception from a pleasant gentlemanly-looking man in a Quaker-like dress. I said to him, 'Sir, I am a stranger to your country, from England; will you be so good as let me look into your mill?' With a good shake of the hand, he said, 'To be sure I will, and I am glad to see such a fine looking sample of the old country, come into it.' Really I am afraid I shall begin to be vain, or rather, I ought to say, more vain than ever; I get so complimented here upon what the people call 'my English face, and good looks.' May God in his mercy long give me the *health and spirits* necessary for them! We were at home with each other in a minute. In his religious profession he has been in his time, Episcopalian by *baptism*, Presbyterian by *education*, Baptist and Independent in turn by *choice*, and left each of the three last

named because of their internal *divisions*, and went to find peace and quietness among the *Quakers*, who are now split in turn by divisions among *themselves;* and he thinks he shall again join the *Episcopal Church*, thus coming round to the point whence he started. I found him a very sensible man, and perfectly sound in his religious opinions. On matters of business he takes the right view. His name is Mr. Hoy, originally from Belfast. 'My opinion is,' said he, 'that in this country, we should let John Bull manufacture for us. I am a manufacturer myself; but we can never, I see, do without a tariff. I cannot get more than ten hours a day's work from my work people, and I think it is quite enough: but then they don't *work so much in that ten hours* as your people do in England, and I *cannot get them to do it.*' I find that his spinning by mules and throstles, the former on frames of three hundred spindles, averages about No. 16s; and his cloth made from these Nos. is bed ticking and grey twills or swan-downs. His spinners get 40s. to 45s., English money, per week; but he cannot get his weavers to stick to their work. They do not make the very best work in the world, from what I saw; and he says they only get about 10s. or 12s. a week; but he intimated that if he were to find any fault with them on the score of TIME, they would immediately reply, 'Oh, very well, I can get work at the other mill if you are not satisfied,' &c., &c. He gives his spinners about a penny farthing per pound for spinning No. 16s. A child of twelve years old

will get 6s. 6d.; one of sixteen will get 10s. 6d. per week; &c. &c. My calculation is that in *wages* alone, without taking into account the *ratio of work produced in such an extra quantity by the English workman*, we can in England afford to pay the freight of the *cotton* to our country, and of *twist* back again, and beat the American spinner ten or fifteen per cent. or more. In MANUFACTURED GOODS, we can beat them more than this. Whilst there is such an abundant facility for taking an axe into the woods, and getting a living by clearing good corn-growing land, selling timber, &c., &c., it is scarcely likely that the *people* here will, with their strong republican ideas of liberty, consent to those strict rules which are required, if the *manufacturer* is to compete with the English manufacturer. The government may protect the American manufacturer by LEVYING HIGH DUTIES on foreign imports (and any government can do the same), but with 'a fair field and no favour,' they stand not the slightest chance with us in England.

"The country to-day, for the first fifteen or twenty miles, was rather flat, and the land poor; but afterwards the country was undulating, and the land good. The partial clearances (which are to a large extent) from wood, gave to the prospect, in the last thirty miles of our journey, the air of an English park, with the groups of trees, wooden railed fences, &c., or in some parts, more the appearance of going through EPPING FOREST, or some parts of NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, about WEEDON

dom, and to see how far the genius of that religion accommodated itself to the democratic spirit so prevalent in all republics, I went to-day to their cathedral in the city. It is the most splendid building erected for public worship in the United States, and cost about £50,000. It is built of *Granite*, in the form of a cross, with a dome in the centre, the height of which is 95 feet, and the height of the two towers at the western end each 120 feet. The whole length of the building is 154 feet. The Archbishop (Eccleston) performed mass, and preached, or rather lectured *(extempore)* from John viii. 46-59. I found the forms, ceremonies, dresses, ringing of bells, offering up of incense (which smelt somewhat like burnt sealing wax), sprinkling with holy water, elevation of the host, kneelings, crossings, &c. &c. very much the same, both among the priests and the people, as in England. There was a large and attentive congregation, and the black people sat in a gallery, at one end of the church, where I am pretty certain they could not hear a word. The sermon was quite as good as I expected; for, bating an occasional allusion to the Church's power over the *keys* of heaven, and some rather distant references to *purgatory*, it was impressive and pointed in many of its allusions; but with such a fine field of Scripture text before him, he fell sadly short of those *experimental* reflections which *might* have made his sermon so useful. The sermon lasted half an hour, and there was far more of animation and of action in the preacher than some few of our

English Church dignitaries would have thought befitting. It was the only part of the service which was *intelligible*, with the exception of one prayer, but yet, whilst the archbishop and other priests (four or five in number), and the singers and organist were performing their respective parts, many of the *people* (who did not utter one word by way of response, or of devotion) were busy reading English translations of prayers,—perhaps the very same as the others were singing or saying in Latin. If this was the case,—that is to say, if the prayers *were* the same in meaning,—it is a wonder to me that it never occurred to the priesthood to say or sing *their portion* in English too. Surely, if the *people* be allowed their devotions in English, there can be no great sin for the *priests* to possess the same liberty. When I first went into the church, I took a seat at some distance from the pulpit and altar; but the sexton, noticing me to be a stranger, which is very soon found out wherever I go, came to the pew door, and whispered to me that if I wished it, he would take me a good deal higher up; I accepted his offer, and was within six or eight seats of the pulpit.

"There are some beautiful paintings in the church; one is a present from the late Cardinal Fesch (Bonaparte's uncle, I believe), and another is a present from King Louis XVIII. of France. I do not wonder at the influence of pictures over a mind which is ignorant, superstitious, and at the same time *devotionally* inclined. I myself looked at this last-mentioned picture until the tears came

into my eyes—not out of reverence for the *picture*, but from the recollection of the *event* it brought to my mind. The body of the crucified Saviour just taken from the cross, with his head resting on his mother's knee, whilst she, the very picture of grief, is gazing at him with such a fondness, even in sorrow, as none but a mother can know, was too much for me. There are other figures, at full length, in the group; and the painting is indeed finely executed.

"It was rather singular that the text of the archbishop's sermon was the *whole* of the 'Gospel' appointed for the *Church of England Service* of to-day."

"*April* 3*d*.—I went by the railroad to-day from Baltimore to Washington, the metropolis of the United States. The distance is forty miles, and I got there at half-past eleven o'clock. Washington is much more of a *continuous town* than I have been led to fancy it was; it contains 20,000 inhabitants, about one-fifth of whom are slaves, and about one-sixth of whom are free coloured people. The *Capitol* at Washington is the finest building, I believe, in the country, and is, in front, about 350 feet in length. The dome, which rises somewhat like the dome of St. Paul's, in London, from the centre, is 126 feet in height, inside, and about 96 feet in diameter. From the top there is an extensive prospect up and down the river *Potomac*, across which there is a bridge, partly of wood and partly of stone, *of more than a mile in length*, and the width of the bridge is 36 feet. It

took me twenty minutes to walk over it to the *Virginian* side. The capitol stands on an elevated ground, looking in its fronts eastward *from* the populous part of the city, and westward *towards* it; and almost right along the great Pennsylvania Avenue,—a street of great length, say one mile and a quarter or more, and 150 or 160 feet in width—nearly as wide as Sackville-street, Dublin, and wider than Portland Place, London. In the interior, on the walls of the dome, there are some interesting oil paintings, each 15 feet in length, by 10 or 12 in height, representing some of the early scenes of the Revolution, viz. the presentation of the celebrated document, the Declaration of Independence; the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis; the Resignation of his authority as Commander in Chief, by General Washington; and the Surrender of General Burgoyne; each containing portraits of eminent individuals on both sides; among which I particularly noticed Dr. Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, &c. &c. In consequence of the funeral of a member (Mr. M'Kinn, of Baltimore), no business was transacted in either House of Congress to-day; but I saw all through the building. The Houses of Debate are in the form of a semicircle, somewhat like the Manchester Exchange; the president or speaker of one house sitting with his back to the flat side, and of the other (the representatives) the contrary way, so as to command a view of all the members. Every member has his proper place appointed, and there are plans of the *houses* published; so that when any

member gets up to speak, a stranger, by looking at the plan, is never at a loss to know who he is. The library seems well arranged. The president's house is more than a mile from the capitol, at one end (the western) of Pennsylvania Avenue.

"In the course of my walk I went to see two large fat cattle (oxen) partly of the Durham or short-horned breed, and among the finest and largest I ever saw;—say more than 200 stone each—perhaps 250. They are *guessed* to weigh 3,500 pounds each, or more.

"The President's house is a good substantial building; but many of our English gentry possess houses of greater dimensions, and better exterior appearance, though it is a pretty building. In the year 1814 the British army burnt down the capitol, and the President's house,—both of which have since been re-built in their present form. The pillars of the domes, both of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, are of what is called *Potomac marble, i. e.* a kind of *pebble-stone marble* in appearance, but naturally cemented together very much in the style of *Mosaic* work: each of the pillars is two feet in diameter. I wished very much to obtain *specimens* of the marble, but could not get them."

"*April 4th.*—To-day I attended the House of Representatives and the Senate House at Washington, and must say that the ORDER with which every thing is conducted, may serve for an example to the British House of Commons. Every speaker is respectfully *heard*, and there did not seem to be

in the speakers that ITCHING to make an *harangue* which is sometimes witnessed in our English (Lower) House of Parliament. In the Senate House the celebrated Mr. Henry Clay, a fine-looking man, with a commanding voice and appearance, said a few words; and Mr. Daniel Webster (one of the best orators here), Mr. John Quincey Adams, Mr. Silas Wright, Mr. Calhoun, and several other members, were pointed out to me. In the latter House (the *Senate*) there is much more of gravity and order than in the House of Representatives; indeed, with the exception that they were not so old a body of men, and wanted something of that *appearance* which an *English Nobleman* carries generally with him, they might have been compared much more to our English House of *Lords* than *Commons*; but still there *was not that dignity* about them which an English House of Peers presents.

"To my surprise, on taking the *Divisions* in the House of Representatives, every member's name was called over by the clerk, and he either votes or not, by an audible 'Ay' or 'No,' as he pleases; but if he votes, the vote is recorded either as an 'Ay' or a 'No,' and at the conclusion the clerk reads over all the names of those who have voted on each side, with as much rapidity as the Rev. Joshua Brooks, of Manchester, used to read the names of candidates for marriage, which carries with it much of that paddle-paddle, paddle-paddle, paddle-paddle sound that a steam-engine gives when travelling at a quick rate."

"*April 12th.*—Whilst writing in my room about seven o'clock this evening, a portly-looking Quaker came in, who accosted me in a very friendly manner. This was the celebrated *Joseph Lancaster*, the friend of Scriptural education, and the founder of the Lancasterian Schools. We had more than an hour's animated talk, in the course of which I found him still ardently in pursuit of his object. He is trying all he can to get the Scriptures introduced into all the schools, and he has already succeeded to a great degree. He is also intent on collecting all the materials he can to prove how the smallest quantity of labour may be made to produce the greatest quantity of instruction.

He resides in this city (Philadelphia), and his friends have raised him a life annuity. He asked after several of his old Manchester friends, viz., David Holt, Isaac Crewdson, Saml. Moxon, Joseph Todd, &c. &c. When at Mr. Dunn's, also, I had inquiries from *him* about some of his Manchester acquaintances,—Messrs. Wm. and Daniel Grant, Mr. Mc. Vicar, &c. &c.*

"*April 14th.*—In the evening I went to see the original house which the celebrated WILLIAM PENN built for himself when he settled here, and which is now occupied as a public-house called the PENN HOTEL. The original lock and key for the front door, which he brought with him from England,

* A few months after this time, Joseph Lancaster was killed by a waggon (or four-wheeled car), which ran over him in the streets of New York, while crossing a foot-path.

are still in use. It seems that the father of Mr. Bradford, whom I met last night, was the partner of Dr. Franklin as a printer; and that he was subsequently the partner of the celebrated William Cobbett, at the time he printed Peter Porcupine's works: the shop was pointed out to me. I bought twelve newspapers to-day at one cent (that is, about a halfpenny) each, being the regular price; and the printer *gave* me a number more of old ones; so that I sent twenty-four newspapers to England, at a cost, altogether of SIXPENCE."

"*April* 15*th. (Easter Sunday.)*—I attended St. Andrew's (Episcopal) Church, where a good sermon was preached by Mr. Balch, from 1 Corinthians, chap. xv. verse 16: 'For if the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised.' There were at least, I think, four hundred communicants. It took, with the assistance of another clergyman, an hour and a quarter to go through the Communion Service, fifty minutes of which time were occupied in delivering the bread and wine. The service was altogether very decorously arranged, and there were several respectable young people there, but very *poor* people. In the *kneeling* parts of the service, the communicants all knelt down on the carpet of the pews; and at that part of it where the exhortation is given, 'Dearly beloved in the Lord, ye that mind to come to the Holy Communion,' &c., and followed by 'Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins,' the people all rose and *stood;* and I think it is much better that it *should* be so; for then the concluding part is more appropriate, viz.,

'and make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly *kneeling* upon your *knees*.' At this part it was really pleasing to see 400 people all change their position and *act* according to the minister's *exhortations*. I know that the *form* is not the *spirit* of religion; but I know also that the *mind* is *much influenced* by *outward objects;* and I confess that I myself, never, I think, joined in the confession which follows more heartily than on this occasion. The bread was given to *three* persons during the time of repeating the words—'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee,' &c., and the wine was in due time administered to *four;* that is, *two* and *two*. Another arrangement pleased me much also. After the prayer which ends thus—'Do this, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me," *i. e.* just before the minister receives the Sacrament himself, the congregation all rose, and the minister gave out a hymn; the singers, organist, &c., being all present just as at any other part of the service, and many young people in the galleries observing with great decorum of manner the administration of the ordinance. The hymn was very suitable for the day:—

> "The Lord is risen from the dead,
> Our Jesus is gone up on high;
> The powers of hell are captive led—
> Dragg'd through the portals of the sky."
> &c. &c.

"After the communion was administered to all, we knelt down as before; and on coming to that

part—'Glory be to God on high,' all rose; and as it is directed to be SAID or *sung*, it WAS SAID in such a way as I never heard it before, and so as deeply to impress every thoughtful heart. To *see* 400 people with books to which they were attentive, all well educated, and to *hear* them repeat *very audibly*, and in a tone and modulation of voice equal to the clergyman's, only not *individually* so loud, and at the SAME INSTANT of time (not FOLLOWING him)—'We praise thee—we bless thee—we worship thee—we glorify thee—we give thanks to thee—for thy great glory—O Lord God—heavenly King—God the Father Almighty,' &c., was what no religious mind could have witnessed without being *sensibly* affected. The people stood still at the conclusion, and the clergyman emphatically pronounced the blessing.

"In the churches here the people always *stand up* during the repetition of the blessing, which, I think, is most proper, as well as their standing up during the '*Gloria in Excelsis*'—('Glory be to God on high,' &c.) Oh! how BEAUTIFUL are the services of our church, when properly used! The whole service lasted from half-past ten to half-past one—some leaving the church soon after partaking of the bread and wine, in consequence, I have no doubt, of their family arrangements requiring it.

"*April* 23*rd*.—Early this morning the first steam ship from England came into New York, 'The Sirius;' she left Cork on the 4th instant, thus performing the journey from that place in eighteen days, or in about twenty days from Liver-

pool. This afternoon, however, another very large steam ship, 'The Great Western,' Captain Hoskins, with whom I am acquainted, arrived from Bristol, which place she left on the 7th instant, performing the distance in sixteen days. She is 1346 tons burden, and was welcomed on her arrival with the firing of cannon, and the shouts of thousands of people.

"*April 27th and 28th.*—In the course of the evening, on board the 'CAROLINA,' I had a good deal of animated and pleasant conversation with *General Scott* (the same who has been commanding lately on the Canada frontier, and who is now going to the Indian frontier for the same purpose), also with Major Mc. Neale, Mr. Corbin, &c. &c. The general is a shrewd, sensible man, and we soon got very intimate. Most of the other gentlemen being from the *Southern* States, I had a host of opponents to my views of slave abolition, &c. &c., and we had a long discussion. The steward of this vessel is also a man of colour, and he said to me afterwards, 'Sir, you had a strong argument with those gentlemen from the South; and I was very glad to hear you say what you did: the barber of the other boat was speaking of you to me to-day. They may say what they like, Sir; you spoke the truth; the great bulk of the slaves do want their freedom. You may be told that they don't care about it; but I know better:' and then he shook his head. I said, 'Are you a slave?' he replied, 'Yes, I am, Sir; and so is every coloured man you see in this ship. I have got a good

master; but I know if anybody would offer me my freedom, I would jump at it; and there is not a slave in the ship but would do the same thing.' All this was spoken in as good English as I myself spoke, and with far better pronunciation than in most counties in England. Another young man of very decent appearance, and three-quarters white, an assistant or waiter, &c., also said—'I am a slave, Sir; my father is Dr. Moseley, of Norfolk. I have called upon him at times, when I wanted a little to help me on with; but he wont do anything for me. I am married, and my wife is free; and I dare not take her to live at Charleston, for fear they should order her away; because the order in Charleston is, that if a free coloured person once leaves Charleston, he is not allowed to come back again to live there.' On asking if he knew the reason of this order, he said he 'believed it was because they thought that when they went to live anywhere else, they would come home with new ideas of liberty; and the people did not like it.'

"On board this very boat we had three or four men, four or five women, and ten or twelve children (say twenty-two in all), as part of our cargo, who had been bought within the last day or two at Norfolk; and their owner was now taking them to Charleston for sale. They seemed comfortable, and rolled themselves up in blankets &c. on the deck at night. There are sales of slaves just like horses, almost every day, at Norfolk and Charleston. They are generally bought in the

Northern and carried to the Southern States, where they are re-sold, to supply the wear and tear of labourers there. Well: it will take a long time to convince me that all this is right. I have not heard the shadow of an argument yet to convince me that my views are incorrect on the subject of slavery."

"*April 29th.*—To-day I had a further conversation with the steward of the steamer, Henry Armstrong, who told me that, in point of fact, he was not a slave;* 'but,' said he, 'Sir, if I was to sail into Charleston, and acknowledge myself a free man, I would be put into gaol as soon as I got there until the vessel sailed away again; and then if after that the captain was ever to bring me again, he would be liable to a heavy fine: so that I am obliged to confess myself a slave,—and if I am asked who I belong to, I give the name of anybody I like, in any part of the states—whether there be such a man or not—and then they don't put me in gaol,' Verily, things are come to a pretty pass, when a man is obliged to confess himself a slave, before he can obtain the rights of a free man: yet such is the effect of the law in South Carolina.

"The passage-money for a slave from Norfolk to Charleston (450 miles) is 12½ dollars—children, half-price; and they are provided for on the voyage. On asking the steward what a healthy

* "I believe his present mistress, a kind old lady, would free him at any time, and considers him free; but it does not, in his present situation, answer his purpose (for the reasons stated) to be declared free."

man, his wife, and four children would sell for in Charleston, he said, 'Why, perhaps 3,000 dollars;' and he thought our whole cargo, as I have already specified, might fetch 10,000 dollars.

"In conversation with one of these slaves on board the vessel, I found that he had been a sailor on board a revenue cutter, and that from exposure to the weather, &c., he had had the rheumatism, cold, &c., and was now no longer fit for the service. He was 61 or 62 years old, and his children were squandered over the country, his wife being dead. Now, to such a man as this, slavery, with a good master, is a blessing; because, if turned adrift into the world, what can he do for a living? This, however, is an argument rather against the system than in its favour. If this man's family, instead of being 'squandered about in the world' by means of slavery, had been allowed to be brought up under his own roof, they would have been his supporters in his old age; and he would not have needed an owner to provide for him."

"*May 2nd.*—In the course of the day I went on the top of St. Michael's Church, where I had a good view of the city of Charleston. I found the 'Sunday School Memorials' in a bookseller's shop here; and on going down Chalmers-street, looked into a long building where slaves are daily exhibited for sale—not for sale by auction—but anybody may step in and look at them, just as he would go into a stable to look at a horse. The house is very clean, and the slaves were all well

dressed; and had an air of cheerfulness about them which I should not have expected. With few exceptions, they were chiefly boys and girls (mostly the latter), of 10 to 14 years of age. The slaves here all look comfortable, and give a good practical proof how the worst condition in worldly circumstances may be borne, not only with patience but with cheerfulness, when once the mind is satisfied that it cannot be changed. One man, a slave, whom I met to-day, said that he 'belonged' to Governor Bennett, who was a very good master, and he was satisfied in his situation;—he had plenty to eat and drink, was a sawyer, and worked from six o'clock to eight in the morning, from nine to twelve, and from two to sunset. It was half-past two o'clock when I met him, so that they are not very strict as to hours.

In order to judge of the devastating effects of the late fire here, a person must go through it. I did so to-day. It has extended from the west (where it began), near King-street, down to the water side, say to East Bay; and from Liberty-street on the north, to Hazle-street on the south, destroying about one-fifth part, and of the best part, of the city. Notwithstanding many of the chimnies and walls have been already pulled down, I counted, from one spot, 153 chimnies, like so many monuments. The brick houses as well as the wood ones, in the progress of the fire, have all been destroyed. Part of the platform raised for facilitating the landing of the steam-boat passengers, say two or three of the outermost planks,

bear the signs of burning; and Captain Pennoyer told me that he himself, with his own hands, put out that part of the fire when it reached this point. About seven or eight persons were killed in their efforts to stop the flames; and from what I can learn, the fire department here is far from being effective. The picture of desolation, as I walked through it to-day, was increased in effect by passing many church-yards, where the upright tombstones and small pillar monuments were left standing, whilst the churches themselves were entirely destroyed. In many places the embers were yet burning. Without seeing the gap made in the town by this destructive conflagration, one can have no idea of it. To come from the Collegiate Church, Manchester, towards the Exchange,—to go up Market-street to the Infirmary, then up Oldham-street, and along Swan-street, down Miller's-lane to the river Irwell,—and fancy all the intervening space to be desolated and destroyed by fire, may give some faint conception of it. The houses, &c. destroyed are equal to the size of a town like Stockton-upon-Tees, in England."

"*May 5th.*—I cannot get the good people here to think as I think on the subject of slavery. They constantly tell you how well off the slaves are. Now, in the majority of cases, this is true; they really treat their slaves well, with some exceptions; but then it is with these very exceptions that I find fault. In the house where I am stopping (Jones's Hotel), kept by Mrs. Johnson, herself a coloured woman, the slaves, fifty-two in

number, are treated well; perhaps one-half of them, if offered their liberty to-morrow, would not accept of it. But then there is one great reason for this; viz., that if they were to be made free, there are so many obstacles placed in the way of their progress through life, that the slaves generally would rather prefer the continuance of their present state, with the certain protection of a kind owner, than run the risk of those various hindrances which are thrown in their way if they become free. You may go here, if you are a white man, into a coloured man's house and take away a silver spoon, for instance, or any thing else; but if there be nothing more than a coloured man's testimony, there might be, and there would be, a difficulty in proving you guilty. I don't say that such a case would be likely to occur; but what I mean to say is, that a black or coloured man's testimony is worth nothing compared to that of a white man.

"I am certain that slave labour is dearer than free labour. On asking a boy to-day, named Daniel, who is a hired slave to Mrs. Johnson, how much his master got for his hire? he answered, 'Three dollars a month.' Now here are thirty-nine dollars per year, or about 3s. 6d. per week, besides meat, drink, washing, and lodging, paid for a boy who, in an English cotton factory, would not get more than 4s. or 4s. 6d., and have all his food, raiment, and shelter to find out of it; and to labour much more time for it. There is a useful sort of man, a slave, named Peter, here in Mrs. Johnson's house, who is worth 1,000 dollars, or

£225. Now reckoning the risk of his health, life, &c., in this climate, I should say that 12½ per cent. was quite little enough,—say £28. to £30. per year: but I don't hesitate to say, that a much better servant could be got in England for one-third the money; *i. e.* with Peter's perquisites of meat, drink, clothing, washing, and lodging.

"I have omitted to name one of the customs here, which is a convenient one. The hot weather brings large quantities of flies; and at breakfast and dinner it is usual for a boy (a slave) to keep waving a long stick over the table, to the end of which is attached a plume of peacock's feathers, for the purpose of driving away the flies."

"*May 6th. (Sunday.)*—Among the communicants this morning, I was glad to observe ten or twelve coloured people, who waited until the Sacrament was administered to the white people. In the afternoon and evening, I observed that the whole of the side gallery to the right of the pulpit was appropriated to the coloured population. On coming home in the evening the streets were remarkably quiet. Every evening, at eight o'clock in summer, a bell rings to warn all the slaves that they must go to their homes; and at nine it is rung again to denote that the time is expired; and any slave, after this hour, may be taken up and put in prison, unless he has got a written pass from his master."

"*May 8th.*—In consequence of the following advertisements I went to-day to see a *sale of slaves*, &c., and was never so ashamed of my species

before. My indignation was roused to a degree which I have seldom felt before; and the whole scene must be witnessed in order to be felt:—

" By Thomas N. Gadsden.

" To-morrow, the 8th instant, will be sold at the north of the Exchange, at 11 o'clock, to the highest bidder,

" That two story wooden dwelling situate on the east side of Smith-street, the third door south of Bull-street, containing four upright rooms, together with a kitchen, &c., and a pump, and a well of good water. The lot measures, in front, on Smith-street, about twenty feet (20 feet), more or less, by about one hundred and twenty feet deep (120 feet), more or less.—Conditions, 600 dollars, cash; balance in 6 months by an approved endorsed note, bearing legal interest, together with a mortgage of the property; the same to be insured and policy assigned. Purchasers to pay for papers.—m 7."

" A Meat and Pastry Cook.—By Thomas N. Gadsden.

" To-morrow, the 8th inst., will be sold at the north of the Exchange, at 11 o'clock,

" A prime, intelligent Wench, about 30 years old, a complete meat and pastry cook, sold for no fault but to change the property.—Conditions—cash, purchaser to pay for bill of sale.—m 7."

Sold for 515 dollars.

" Five Likely Slaves.—By Thomas N. Gadsden.

" This day, the 7th inst., will be disposed of to the highest bidder, at the north of the Exchange, belonging to a gentleman who is about to leave the State, at 10 o'clock, the following valuable slaves, viz.:—

" A likely Wench, 34 years old, with pr. twins.

" *Children.*

" A likely Fellow, 17 years old, her son.

" A likely Girl, 12 years old, her daughter.

All field hands; and an uncommonly likely Mulatto Girl, a first-rate house servant and ladies' maid.—These slaves can be warranted in every respect; they are sold only to raise money.—Conditions—cash, purchasers to pay for bills of sale.—m 7."

Some of these slaves were put up, and withdrawn; there being *no biddings* upon the price at which they were started.

"Well-broke Northern Horses and Barouche.
"By Thomas N. Gadsden.
"To-morrow, 8th inst., will be sold at the north of the Exchange, at 11 o'clock,
"A pair of handsome Bay Horses, accustomed to the city, well-matched in gaits and appearance, and even and swift movers.—Conditions, cash.—m 7."

"One man, stated to be 35 years of age, but appearing to be a good deal more, not included in the advertisements, was put up, and stood a long time on the platform, or table, near the auctioneer, to be gazed at, with his hat off, and questioned as to what he could do, &c. In answer to a question from one person, he said he 'should not like to go to a plantation;' on which the auctioneer remarked, 'Oh! never mind where *he* likes to go—that's none of his business!—but come, gentlemen, wont you give me another bid? He is certainly a little lame in one of his hands, but I have no doubt you will find him a useful, active fellow, if we could only get him to speak out freely,' &c. Just at this moment an English Jack Tar, hap-

pening to be among the crowd, and taking pity upon the man, went up to him in an honest, blunt way, and said, 'Would you like some *backey?*' The poor fellow simpered out, 'Yes;' on which the warm-hearted sailor pulled his flat thick cake of tobacco out of his pocket, and with his knife, cut off a good slice. 'There,' said he; 'will you have some nuts?' 'Y-e-s,' again simpered the poor negro; on which honest Jack pulled out a handful, and with an indignation as great as mine was, and with expressions which, from their oaths cannot be justified, but which I here put down as a test of a sailor's feelings on the subject, he said, 'D— me, but I should like to see a slave in England! By G—, if he was a slave to-day he would be a free man to-morrow;' and with this burst of indignation, and a significant toss of the head, which no one could misunderstand, he left the crowd amidst a buz of suppressed laughter. One slave had been previously sold in Jack's presence, which no doubt aroused his feelings. He was one of those slaves who came over in the same boat with me a few days before, from Norfolk,* and I had some talk with him on the passage. He was a very decent man, and told me (as I have before stated) that he was 61 or 62 years of age,—that his family of six or seven children were scattered abroad in the world,—that he himself had been a sailor in a revenue cutter, but that owing to exposure to all sorts of weather he was rheumatic,

* See page 129.

and no longer fit for that service, and that he was taken over to be sold at Charleston for some other service. I saw this man sold before my eyes for 295 dollars. His age was not stated, and he did not look to be more than 55 or 56, and therefore sold more readily. Now I would sooner have given this price for the value of his labour, than 95 dollars for the other man. Indeed, if anybody in England had been asked to take this latter for nothing, on condition of finding him with meat and clothes as long as he lived, nobody would have taken him; and this circumstance—indeed both these sales at the prices—convince me that slave labour is dearer than free labour; and during my stay in Charleston I have been doing all I can to convince the people of this fact. A boy at the inn (not the boy I have alluded to before), is hired from his owner for seven dollars per month, with meat, drink, washing, and lodging. Now this is equal to 7s. 6d. per week—almost, if not quite, as much as a factory boy of the same age (say 16) gets, without either meat, drink, washing, or lodging.

"Another of these sales was that of the pastry cook, whose appearance denoted her in the family-way. There was nothing particularly sharp or bright in her appearance; but on being asked, she said she could wash, iron, cook, &c. &c., and that she had 'belonged' to so-and-so, at such times, but did not know of any 'faults' for which they had sold her. The auctioneer said he would warrant her to be 'sound' (which, by the way, he said he would not in the case of the ninety-five dollar

man); that she was a 'likely woman, only thirty years old,' &c. After the biddings had stood for some time at 500 dollars, the auctioneer, after a long harangue, said, 'Why, gentlemen, this is no price,—only 500 dollars for this one slave,—it is true there is another coming, but we charge you nothing for that;' and then there was a laugh among the bystanders at this allusion to her pregnancy. She was 'knocked down' at 515 dollars. At this auction sale they began with selling horses, then carriages, and then the auctioneer said, 'Now, gentlemen, we will proceed to the live stock;' and then he put up the negroes on a raised table, one by one: two or three were withdrawn, because they did not fetch the required price; but when the man who was sold for ninety-five dollars was put up, he said he was 'to be sold without reserve, with all faults, for the utmost he would bring,' &c.

"On coming home to the inn, the head waiter, a white man, said, 'Sir, I saw the indignation rising in you this morning when you witnessed the slave sale; I could see plain enough how much it affected you.' I told him, in reply, that I had never felt so indignant, and so ashamed of human nature, in my life; and that if I had let loose all that my feelings prompted me to do at the time, I should have blown them all sky-high. Nothing on earth can convince me that this is a right state of things; and yet the rash and wrong proceedings of some of the Abolitionists here is severely to be blamed. They in hand-bills instigate to insurrection and murder,—at least so I am told, for I have

not seen the bills; but the particulars have been quoted to me from memory to this effect; and if true, they are most severely to be reprobated. It is very contrary to the spirit manifested by St. Paul, both in his epistle and his conduct, when he sent Onesimus back to Philemon; and it tends to obstruct the object in view, by preventing even the discussion of the question. I have been most repeatedly warned by my friends here to be careful whom I argue with, 'because,' they say, 'they think no more at putting a knife in any person who irritates them by the advocacy of emancipation, than they would of killing a dog.' I have never, however, restrained the expression of my opinions in the fullest manner,—always maintaining that it ought to be a government affair,—that it is practicable,—that the owners ought to be compensated by the State,—and that it is the wisest thing for the negroes themselves, ignorant and debased as they are, to take time enough to do it in, and to fit them by instruction for their emancipated condition.

"*May 8th.*—This afternoon, at four o'clock, I took the steam boat for Wilmington, North Carolina, where we breakfasted on the following morning at seven o'clock, and at nine o'clock got into the railway cars for Halifax, in North Carolina. The whole distance is about 170 miles, and the railway is complete for the first 25 miles. After this, the passengers, 36 in number, got into four stages, in each of which are three seats, two facing the horses, and one the other way. The

cattle of these stages are excellent; and if the stages themselves were not made with very strong leather springs, they would be overturned scores of times on the journey. Of all the roads I ever travelled by coach, these are the worst. You go the greatest part of the journey, say 120 miles of it, through thick forests of pine, oak, mulberry, cypress, sassafras, &c., &c. and immense quantities of underwood. Sometimes for 30 or 40 miles together there is not an acre of cleared ground. The soil is almost entirely sand, mixed with the vegetable mould falling from the trees. The trees grow to an immense height, especially the pine, which is of prevalent growth here, and rises to 120 or 150 feet. Many of them were partially peeled, for the purpose of extracting the turpentine. Fire wood may be had for nothing; indeed they must burn it purposely if they want to clear the land; and sometimes when a forest takes fire it extends over some miles, and they are obliged to cut down trees to stop its progress. I saw one plot of 80 or 100 acres that had been recently burnt in this way, together with a corn mill near to the spot. We passed through several fields of cotton planting, Indian corn, &c. and in some parts of our route the cultivation was good, but the soil, though in many parts rich, was generally thin. They plough usually with one horse, and don't go more than four inches deep, In oats and wheat or rye, they just throw the seed on the ground, or stubble left by the last year's crop, and then plough it over with a light plough, made something like a spade, without any

harrowing, and let it take its chance. At one spot where we stopped to change horses, I asked the landlord how much rent he paid? 'Why,' said he, 'sadly too much; I pay 60 dollars a year.' That is about £12. or less; and for this he has 300 acres of land, a good part of it—by far the largest, uncleared, but with the free use of the wood; and he may cultivate and clear the whole of it if he likes. He has also a good house (a wooden one) with outbuildings, and yet he thought it 'sadly too dear.' The crops of rye, wheat, and oats are very thin, owing partly to the land and partly to their mode of cultivation. Ten bushels of wheat per acre is as much as a great part of what I saw would yield; but other parts would yield much more than this. We breakfasted the following morning, not at an inn, and yet it had the appearance of one,—but they sell neither ale, cider, wine, nor spirits—in fact nothing but tea, coffee, and eatables; half a dollar, in this route, is the charge for every meal.

"There are no outside passengers in an American stage, but I was all yesterday until sunset with the driver on his seat, and did the same the whole of to-day. If I had not stuck fast hold, I should have been thrown off many a time. The roads are, in general, like the head-land or head-rigg of an English ploughed field in appearance; and yet they get on surprisingly fast, never minding the ruts, but jolting away over them at a famous rate. A good part of the road being swampy, they occasionally *corduroy* it, *i. e.* they throw long stumps of wood across, close together, and thick enough

for gate-posts, being generally young pine-trees, and the sand, soil, and water together, fill up the crevices; and then you get a few famous thumps now and then, from the giving way of parts of the road more than others. The streams of water we drove through were innumerable; and in crossing one, about forty yards wide, the unevenness of the bottom was such, that any English coach would most certainly have capsized. The water was three-quarters of a yard deep, even in this dry weather; and the coachman said he had driven through it when it came half-way up the horses' bodies, and was 100 yards in width; the water at the same time going through the coach. I never came near such fearless drivers; and in the sudden declivities, before coming to the plank bridges which are placed over the wider streams, some of them more than 100 or 150 yards across, it is wonderful how well they manage their horses. These sudden declivities are often so very steep, that you would wonder how it was possible for the horses to guide the coach; and then, when you come to the plank bridge, you have a sudden rise in the wood-work to get on it,—where you get another hearty jolt, and the same in going off it. We took an hour and a quarter for breakfast, and in dining, at Tarborough, took 1½ hours. As you rise a little towards Halifax (South Carolina), the ground is better and the roads better. We performed the whole 170 miles in 36 hours, which is very good, considering the roads. We slept at Halifax all night, four of us sleeping in a room; and

breakfasted the next morning at half-past five. Halifax is but a small place itself; and we left there at six by the railway coaches, for Portsmouth, passing through London, across the river Roanoke, which is the boundary of the State of Virginia, on which we now entered; going by way of Suffolk to Portsmouth, say 87 miles, where we arrived at half-past one o'clock. The land is, in many places, very fine and rich, and we saw large fields of cotton, Indian corn, and rice grounds. The slave huts around the better mansions of their owners, looked very poor in general; some of them were 12 feet by 10 feet, and 5 or 6 feet high, except under the roof in the centre. Some are larger, but they have only one room and no window, and are made of logs, covered with shingles in the roofs. Many of the poorer white people have no windows to their houses in some parts of these States, but all of them have larger houses, small though they be at the best. Many of them are much neater and better built than others. We passed two or three churches 'in the wilderness,' yesterday and to-day; they were like small houses built of wood. In many parts, the churches are the resort of people for twenty miles round, and the same church is frequently used by both the Baptists and Methodists; but the Baptists are the most numerous body in the United States. Both that body and the Methodists have done great good in this country. After dining at Portsmouth (where, though but a town of 4000 or 5000 inhabitants, and where rents and expenses are not

great, I paid, much against my will, 75 cents, or 3s. 4d. English, for a bottle of porter in this hot weather), I took the 'Kentucky' steam boat for Baltimore. The American steam boats far surpass, for speed and elegance, and for their general accommodation, any thing of the kind in England. Indeed we have much to learn from the 'new country' in these things; and although their common travelling routes by land cannot compete for one moment with our English travelling, either in the goodness of the roads, quickness of progress, or accommodations for travellers; yet, for so new a country, it is a matter of surprise to me how they should be as good as they are. If an English traveller comes to this country expecting the same accommodations and facilities as at home, and is disposed to grumble because he cannot have them, why then, let him stop at home, and not come here. How can he, and why ought he to expect, in a country so thinly peopled in proportion to its extent, either the refinements or (what he would call) the conveniences of an old and densely-peopled territory? I do not doubt for a moment the statements of either Mrs. Trollope or anybody else as to facts; but I think it is scarcely fair to take the 'manners' or 'comforts' or other 'et ceteras' of some particular part of so large a community in extent, and set them up either as specimens of the whole, or as fit subjects of comparison with an old and experienced country. I have put down all along what has actually occurred to me, and how it has struck my English tastes or feelings, but never by way of

complaint—unless when speaking either politically, morally, or religiously,—for why should I, however struck with the novelty of anything, therefore complain, until I examine and reflect upon the reasons for this novelty?"

"*May 26th.*—Mr. Wiltsé, the superintendent of the penitentiary or prison here (Sing Sing, New York), so celebrated for its discipline, &c. accompanied us through that fine establishment. It is capable of holding 1,000 persons, and now contains about 720. The black and coloured prisoners bear the proportion of one in five of the whole; but the population of the state of New York shews the same population, as a whole, to be only 1 in 40—thus making crime eight times more frequent among them than among the whites; and thus demonstrating still further, that the most ignorant portions of the population are the most disposed to commit crime.

"The silent system is that pursued here; and there are 45 assistants to the superintendent in enforcing the prison regulations. The cat, with its ten or twelve lashes, is the only punishment for breach of silence. This penitentiary differs from the one at Trenton, inasmuch as here those of the same trade work altogether, yet in the most perfect silence; and the rule is seldom broken. We saw bootmakers, braziers, ironfounders, shoemakers, coopers, marble cutters, tailors, &c. &c. all working in the same compartments; but they eat their meat each in his own cell, which is merely large enough to contain the respective hammocks

or beds, with a light admitted through the grating. A watch is always kept, and there are eyeholes into the different day rooms, so that the superintendent can go round and observe his own assistants, as well as the prisoners, without being observed himself. They are supplied with books to read. One man, about a fortnight ago, who worked at marble cutting in the yard, on the bank of the Hudson, drowned himself; and this is the only instance of any attempt at self-destruction. I saw there a person, once respectable in the legal profession, who was working as a tailor. His crime was that of forgery, and his term of imprisonment was 21 years, four or five of which only had expired. I was told he was a true penitent: and was informed that this was the case with several others. They were well fed, having either pork or flesh meat twice every day; and their earnings last year were 15,000 or 20,000 dollars more than the expenses of the prison. The building itself is of marble, dug from the spot; and the whole establishment seemed to be well conducted. One thing was new to me, viz. a machine which, by one turn, served to lock or unlock 50 or 100 cell doors at once, in the most effectual manner. By raising or falling one horizontal piece of iron of many yards in length (by means of a screw or lever), this number of cells is, so to speak, snecked or locked at once."

"*May 27th. (Sunday.)*—This morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Draper and I went to the service at the Sing Sing penitentiary. The service was an

abridgment of that of the Episcopal Church, and the Reverend Mr. Mead, the episcopal minister of Sing Sing, preached an excellent sermon from 1 Samuel, xii, 23, 24. :—' God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you,' &c., &c. The service lasted for about an hour, and there was great attention and silence, except in the responding part, which was well performed. About three-fourths of the prisoners can read, some of them only a little. Among the females, from 30 to 40 in number, there is a Sunday school, at which they all attend; the teacher is Mr. Ebenezer Williams, who is about to be ordained in the Protestant Episcopal Church. From the serious way in which many of the prisoners listened to the service and sermon, I judge that these services are very useful; and indeed I am told, on good authority, that they are so. A Bible and Prayer Book are furnished to every person in his cell, which is about nine feet long by three feet or so in width, with a a seat and sufficient light to read by; I never saw such a sight as this assembly for divine worship presented, before; there were between 600 and 700 prisoners present, and with few exceptions, their countenances and heads exhibited such a combination of rascality and weakness of intellect, the latter in some instances bearing the appearance of almost idiotcy, as I never witnessed in my life. Weakness of intellect, and ignorance, its consequence, have more to do with *crime* than many people think of; but there are many exceptions, of course, to the correctness of this opinion."

"*June* 17*th*. (*Sunday*.)—I had the pleasure of dining with the Rev. L. P. W. Balsh and his sister, and afterwards of attending St. Andrew's Sunday School, where at the special request of the superintendent I addressed the children. I will not, because I cannot, describe my feelings on seeing myself once more, after so long an interval, placed before a number of dear children, who with the most steadfast looks, anxious attention, and perfect stillness, listened to the few words of instruction I gave them. I was so much reminded of my own dear Sunday School at home, that it was with difficulty I could keep my feelings within any reasonable bounds; but like Joseph before his brethren, I was obliged to 'refrain myself."

"*June* 24*th*. (*Sunday*.)—Mr. Bowman preached a good sermon from the subject of the Barren Fig Tree. During the service from a quarter before eight to nine o'clock, I saw in the church, and on my road home, for the first time, the beautiful Fire Fly, like the specks of brilliant diamonds flashing before you in succession, with the quickness of a pistol shot—only without sound.—I thank God for another Sabbath: the day is well kept here."

"*July* 14*th*.—To a loyal Englishman it is pleasing, in the land of his American brethren, to see the attachment to, and popularity of, the amiable young Queen of England. 'Victoria House,' 'Victoria Rooms,' &c., are not uncommon; and so much is the window of an eminent picture-dealer crowded on the outside, by the passers in

Broadway (the principal street of New York), for the purpose of taking a look at a well-engraved portrait of our beloved young Queen, that all this week there has been a notice posted in the window to this effect:—

> **'For the Ladies, if you**
> **'please, this week; in**
> **'order to enable them to**
> **'take a look at the Queen.'**

The gallantry of the gentlemen, however, is such that they all go there; and then, after taking a look at the Queen, they see the notice, and slink away (as I myself did), under the conviction that they are intruders."

"*July* 19*th*.—To-day, amongst the passing strangers, was Mr. John Quincey Adams, ex-President of the United States: he came in a few minutes after dinner had commenced, and, after looking about, espied an empty seat and took it, and sat down in all republican simplicity and ate his dinner comparatively unnoticed, like other people. In forty-five minutes from the time he sat down (a long time for an American dinner), he was away from the dinner-table. I saw him at Washington; he is a fine-looking, bald-headed man, and has got quite the appearance of an English gentleman."

"*Aug.* 4*th*.—To-day visited the 'Cauterskill Falls,' about two miles from the house, and certainly the scene from the top of the falls (where my friend Mr. Schutt keeps a refreshment bar, during the three summer months), as well as in

your descent to the bottom, defies all description. I have been thinking of all the terms of the English language, and have been endeavouring to remember all the scenes in England, which might by comparison illustrate its beauties and its grandeur, but I cannot recollect either the one or the other; I am quite 'at fault.' Oh! how much I wish I could paint scenery as much as I enjoy it! Fancy yourself standing on the middle of a horse-shoe rock, with hills three times the height of Warmton Hill, in Saddleworth, covered with trees on each side, and another hill stretching before you at several miles distance, like one great country of fine timber; then look down 180 feet, the height of St. Mary's Church steeple, in Manchester, and from the centre of the horse-shoe see a fall of water (not a powerful one—not a Niagara), but a fine stream, with its white foam falling that height at once; then 50 yards or perhaps 100 yards further on in the level, all in your view, fancy another fall of 80 feet,—and a little beyond that a further fall of 30 to 40 feet, so as to bring you at the bottom of the furthest fall, to a perpendicular depth of about 400 feet,—fifty feet higher, as a water-fall (or continuation of water-falls), than the High Tor at Matlock, in Derbyshire, or than St. Paul's in London;—fancy all this, and you may have some faint idea of the scene. Then go down under the arch of the rock over which the water descends,—witness the smashing of huge logs of wood thrown down on purpose to shew the effect of the fall, &c. &c.,—and you will have another faint

idea of its beauty and grandeur. After I came up from the arch, I assisted Mr. Schutt in heaving over a large stone, at least 200 pounds in weight. In falling upon the rocks at the bottom of the first fall it broke into a thousand pieces; and those who were at the bottom said it sounded like thunder when it fell. Mr. T. amused himself by a stroll on the banks of the stream below the lowest fall, until it became lost in a sort of subterraneous passage, whence it winds its way to the valley of the Catskill river. We returned in time for dinner at three o'clock, very much pleased with our excursion.

"On asking Mr. Schutt (or Scott, as the name is pronounced) what the extent of view might be, in number of miles, from the Mountain House up and down the river Hudson; he said he thought that the hill might be seen about 80 miles down the stream (southward), and perhaps 100 miles up the stream; and about 50 or 60 miles eastward. Now the Hudson river, varying from one to three miles in breadth, stretches itself out before you, as you stand upon the lawn of the 'House,' at a distance of eight or more miles of bird-flight distance, but it appears not to be more than the width of the Thames at Richmond; yet you see the river itself, for about 70 miles in length, because of its distance from you, and of your own elevation at the time you take the prospect. As you look down towards it, although there are several ranges of hills, with fine patches or forests of wood, of grass, or of corn lands (now ripening), and by their various hues adding interest to the prospect; you

seem to be looking over a flat country. I fancy it is much like the idea a person would form of any country if he were to ascend in a balloon. The prospect from the 'House' is beautiful; I really cannot describe it; I wish I could paint it. I believe it is deservedly considered to be one of the finest landscape views in the United States. The temperature is also very refreshing. After the 90° and 100° of heat experienced in New York, it is very pleasant to come here and find it only 80° or 82°, the highest at which it has been during the summer. It is, indeed, exhilarating; I could sleep last night with a sheet and blanket over me, for the first time during this summer. For several weeks I have laid myself, after undressing, on the bed, not in it, during the night—and I have always found myself there next morning. One of the evils of these needful rustications in the country is the want of the 'church-going bell,' which these 'valleys and rocks never heard,' for they

'Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
'Nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared.'"

"*August 6th.*—This day we returned from 'Cattskill Mountain House' to New York. At six o'clock in the morning, we could observe the light clouds below us like mists arising from waters underneath them; and on coming down the range of hills, to the bottom of the Cattskill (about six miles), we saw these same clouds much above us. We got to the town of Cattskill in about two hours and fifty minutes, and on our road

I observed a rattle snake (the first I had seen), crossing our road as we went through the forest wood down the hill. About 150 passengers dined on board the boat. We reached New York at seven in the evening, and I got my letters (which were delivered to-day) by the 'Great Western,' which left Bristol on the 21st July.—I thank God for a safe and pleasant journey."

"*August 12th. (Sunday.)*—Hartford is a neatly-built town; as much so as any I have yet seen in the United States, with a population of perhaps 12,000 to 18,000. This morning Mr. T. and I looked into the Baptist School and Church, and into the Episcopal Church, a very pretty brown stone building, of eight years' standing. On asking the apparitor where the church was situated which they had used before this was built, 'Oh,' said he, 'it was situated there!'—pointing to some well-built houses nearly opposite. 'Then,' said I, 'you pulled it down, did you?' 'Oh no, Sir,' he replied, 'we sold it to the Catholics, and they removed it down the street; you will see it if you go down about 100 or 150 yards.' 'What!' said I, 'removed the building?' 'Yes, Sir,' he said; 'it was built of wood, and they removed it to where it now stands.' 'Well,' said I, 'I will go and see this; *shifting a church!* I never heard of such a thing.' We accordingly went, and found, as he had said, a nicely-built church (and steeple at least 60 to 65 feet high), 26 yards in length, steeple included, and 14 in breadth; say four rows in breadth of pews, and galleried on each side as

well as at one end, and with an organ in it. In the basement story, which was built of brick, we found the Catholic Sunday School. Being early, only two Sunday scholars had arrived; the master (an Irishman) was smoking his pipe in the school, and informed us that they taught the scholars nothing but the catechism. He shewed us the church, and corroborated the account of its removal—he himself having been one of those who assisted in that part of the business. He said they bought it for 1000 dollars—that it cost 500 dollars to remove it upon rollers, &c.—that the basement on which it stands, including the school, &c., cost 1000 dollars more; and that they had hard work to raise the money. It is five windows in length; it took about a week to remove it; they removed the whole, as it now stands, with the organ, pews, galleries, windows and all, and did not break a single pane of glass. He laughed much at my surprise, and seemed to think there was nothing very strange about it. The church looks very neat, and is built very much like the wooden houses, cots, or little villas in London, or rather in its outskirts; and will seat, certainly, 800, perhaps 1000 persons. The master of the school said it would seat 1500, but I don't think so. We afterwards went to the Episcopal Sunday School. The Rev. Mr. Burgess, the minister, came while we were there, and we had a good deal of conversation with him. They have about 200 scholars, nearly all of whom can read, and are well supplied with teachers. They pressed

me to speak a few words to the children, which I did. They were very attentive; and I thought much of my own dear Sunday School in England. We afterwards went to the church, where the Rev. Mr. Haigh, of New York, preached a very good sermon. The congregation was large, and responded admirably in the service."

"*August* 14*th*.—I went to-day to the top of the 'State House,' *i.e.* into the cupola, 200 feet above the level of the street, and obtained a fine bird's eye view of Boston. It covers a large extent of ground, and stands on a peninsula, being nearly surrounded by the sea; across several of the shallow branches are bridges, leading—say to Cambridge, where there is a college for students; to Charlestown, where the navy yard is; and to South Boston; and the bridge towards Cambridge is half a mile in length, and is built like the others, of wood. The buildings are generally of brick or stone, but some are of wood. It is a very well-built town, and reminds me more of an English town, such as Liverpool, or the interior of Birmingham, than any town I have yet visited in the United States. The State House stands on high ground, and is a fine pile of buildings. There is a fine covered market place, &c. and the streets are better paved and flagged than is either New York or Philadelphia. The people are more ruddy in their complexions, and resemble the English a good deal in their general appearance. We went to Bunker's Hill, where the celebrated battle was fought and gained by the British troops, on the 17th June, 1775,

after a hard contest. On Breed's Hill, where the victory was completed, and on which the American head quarters were fixed, a square column of granite, tapering to the top, is now in process of erection, to commemorate the patriotism of the men who fought, and bled, and died on that occasion. It is now about half erected, and when finished will be 300 feet high; I went over the ground, and marked the entrenchments of each army. The positions of both were good; that of the Americans quite as good as they could possibly have taken under the circumstances; but the British was the better of the two. Each stood upon a hill rather difficult of access, and the valley, on which a large part of Charlestown stands, lay between them. The increase of Boston (now about 100,000 inhabitants) has caused Bunker's Hill to be partially built upon, but the entrenchments can be distinctly traced.'

"*Aug.* 15*th.*—Went this day by railway (25 miles, in one hour and ten minutes) to Lowell, the celebrated manufacturing, bleaching, and printing establishment of the State of Massachusetts. We reached there in time (twelve o'clock) to see the working hands of the factories proceed to their dinner. Some thousands of hands were moving along, two-thirds or three-fourths of whom were females, very well dressed—indeed, rather fashionably so for every-day dresses; and very many of them with veils, &c. Their general appearance was remarkably neat and orderly; there was none of that rude or rough laughter or behaviour which is so often seen in our English manufacturing

districts;—and there were no small children. We were informed afterwards that there is a law of the State requiring that every child employed shall have been at school three months in the previous year, if under fifteen years of age; and I don't think there were fifty of the many hundreds we saw who could be pointed out as being under that age. They (the females I mean—though as to age it is the same for both sexes) are chiefly the daughters of respectable freeholders, who make up their minds to work as weavers, frame-tenters, &c., in a factory, until such time as they can save as much money as will furnish a house for them when they begin life; or whose parents have a mortgage on their property which they are determined to have wiped off. On the average, the hands do not continue more than five years at this employment. The men are for the most part from England and Ireland. Mr. French, the superintendent of the company, of which Mr. Booth was lately at the head,—viz., the Booth Cotton Mills, shewed us through their mills, which are among the neatest, cleanest, and best ordered I ever saw; with chairs in many parts, where the work allows it, for a temporary rest to the person employed. There are about 1,000 to 1,200 hands employed, about 700 or more of whom are females; the weaving, warping, &c., are done entirely (I believe) by females,—at least we saw none others in all the rooms we went into. The cloth they make is a printing cloth in an 80 reed, with 84 picks, made from 38's twist and 47's weft; 30 inches wide and 34 yards long, weighing

about 6¾ yards to a pound weight, and which they cannot afford to sell under 11 or 12 cents. (say 5¾d. to 6¼d. English) per yard, so as to sell for a profit, but which could be produced for 30 per cent. less in England. The female weavers turn off from two looms about one piece per day, *i. e.* half a piece from each loom; and their price per piece is 58 cents.—say half-a-crown English. They get net to themselves per week about 13s. to 13s. 6d., and they can board and lodge for about 5s. 6d. The female hands of Lowell sometime ago had 130,000 dollars in the Savings' Banks. They are much more lady-like in their appearance, manners, &c., than our English female hands, which I attribute to their early education, and to the good circumstances of their parents,—none of them being so situated as to be under the necessity of working in a factory if they should dislike it. Indeed they look upon this employment as only temporary, and hence they never complain of the hours of labour, which will average 12 or more the year round. In their general appearance they are, as I have already said, much more genteel than our English female hands, but without any shew or ostentation; and they are taller but not so stout made in person. The rooms, staircases, &c., are remarkably clean,—as clean as the inside of a dwelling-house. Much more of the shafting, geering, &c., are made of wood than in England, and are neatly painted; many of the steps of the stairs are also painted; and the absence of smoke (all the mills here being moved by water-power from the river Meremack) makes

the whole city of Lowell as clean as an ordinary town. There are 18,000 inhabitants, and ten churches or more, of all denominations. There are eight or ten different companies employing manufacturing, spinning, bleaching, or printing hands here. When we called on Mr. Prince, who superintends the printing department of the Meremack Company (which has a capital of 150,000 dollars—say £30,000.), employed in spinning, weaving, bleaching, and printing, and on apologising as a stranger for calling on him, when I gave him my card, which merely said on the face of it 'Mr. Braidley, Manchester,' he instantly said, 'What! Mr. Benjamin Braidley?' to which I replied, 'Yes.' 'Oh,' he answered, 'I have seen your name many a time; you have had some hard battles to fight in your neighbourhood. I know you very well, Sir, by character, and shall be happy to shew you all I can, and to give you every information.' He was indeed very kind and attentive to us, and took us through the mill already mentioned. In the printing department of the Meremack Company's establishment, through which Mr. Prince also took us, the buildings are well arranged, and the machinery, so far as I can judge, appears to be good. They print all the cloth they manufacture—say about 300,000 pieces per year. The cloth is in general of a lower quality than that of the company I have mentioned above, and made of heavier materials, Indeed it is much like the 28-inch cloth, weighing 5½ pounds per piece, which used to be made by my friend John Wood, of Glossop,

but with this difference, that the weft of the cloth is throstle weft and not mule weft; the consequence of which is, that the cloth, although wearing longer, is not so easy to be dyed or printed, and is therefore more costly. On asking Mr. Prince the reason why there was no mule spinning, but only throstle spinning here, he said, 'Why, Sir, it is for want of mule hands; the Yankees (I give his own words) won't be tied to such work: they prefer taking an axe and going into the wood to clear away a farm for themselves, and work in the open air when they please, and as long as they please. They all prefer going a-head to being confined to factory employment.' From Mr. Prince's statement, it appears that in the company with which he is connected, they consume 5,000 tons of coal in a year, which costs them six dollars per ton; being about five thousand pounds sterling per year more than this part of the work could be done for in England. His dyers get 25s. per week, which is, I think, nine or ten shillings a week more than those in Lancashire; his printers, engravers, &c., in proportion. They have four four-colour machines, and two two-colour machines at work, besides 30 or 40 block printers. Their printed goods are chiefly one or two colours; and I am satisfied, from what I saw, that without a protecting duty of 30 per cent. they cannot compete with England. Mr. Prince agrees in this opinion. He was formerly a partner with Messrs. Hoskins and Hand, of Manchester, and was employed at one time at Sunny-side, the print-works of my very excellent and dear friend, John

Brooks; and in the course of a little conversation about Lancashire, I told him of the name of the lad that lived in that neighbourhood many years ago, viz., 'Henry o' Ann's o' Harry, o' Milley's o' Richard, o' Joan's, o' Dick's, up th' gate, up th' ginnell, up th' steps, o'er Joseph-o'Jose-o'Steen's, o Gudshaw Chapel;' and he confirmed the truth of my story by saying, 'Oh, Sir, that lad worked for the firm of Prince, Taylor and Co.' (I believe that was the name of the firm, or something like it.) 'When I was at Sunny-side, I knew the lad well; and have many a time given him a halfpenny to tell us his name as you have mentioned.' Really I am very glad that this Lancashire story of mine has received a second verification; once from Mr. Aitken, of Burnley (about 12 months ago), and now from Mr. Prince. I would gladly have spent more time at Lowell, especially as Mr. Prince pressed us so much, but I have a long journey before me. I only wonder how I have found time to write all this scribble."

"*August* 18*th*.—Yesterday evening a person named Gregory came into my room and recognised me as being from Manchester; he married a daughter of Mr. Hurst, who kept the Blue Bell in High-street, Manchester. He is in the employ of a cotton factory company here, carried on by a joint stock fund, who are printers as well as manufacturers, and print about 100,000 pieces per year. He is in the engraving department, and gets five guineas a week whether he does anything or nothing; and we had a good deal of talk about

the concern. His own opinion is, that this country can never compete with England. He says that the men cannot be got to stick to one thing; they do not apply themselves towards doing a thing well, but to do it as easily as possible. In short, anything will do, if it answers the purpose for which they themselves want it; and this is to be seen in the construction of their carts, gates, farming utensils, &c. &c. He says the people are restless (he speaks, of course, of those whom we should call the working people), and have no attachment to the homestead; they will go anywhere, no matter how distant the place, nor how young they themselves may be, if they can only make money and 'get along.' He says they have girls in their factory 13 to 16 years of age, who have come two or three hundred miles to get employment, some of them to save as much money as they can in the next four or five years, and others of them to indulge their fondness for dress. They can live, *i. e.*, board and lodge, for about 6s. 6d. per week, and after that, will have about 8s. more on the average to spend or lay up as they choose. They board in numbers of 20, 30, 40, or 50 in a house, without being concerned about the want of their former home. He says that they are often taken ill at their work, the hours being so long, and that they cannot stand it; nor would they attempt to do so, only that they consider it is a temporary affair. They come very often dressed as well and as fashionable as ladies are dressed, with silk gowns, veils, and parasols,

asking if they '*want help*' in the factory; they never ask for 'work' or employment; but simply 'Do you want help?' His opinion, I find, coincides with my own in this matter; viz., that where machinery, spinning, manufacturing, and printing in their various branches are carried on, and where a sharp look out is required to catch every improvement at once, and to study or to suggest any new pattern, a 'company can never stand an equal chance in competition with the individual interests of their rivals in trade, who carry on business on their own private account.' I find that the factory hands work rather more than twelve hours in general, but, from all that I can learn, they do not turn off so much as our English hands. In fact, you may see, when they come from their work, that they are too much fagged, and worn out with the length of time they work.

This morning, at half-past four o'clock, the factory bells (all of them as large as good church bells) were ringing, and I saw several of the hands going to their work when we left Dover at that hour. All the factories I have yet seen have safety ladders across the roofs and down the sides, in case of fire. We went through 'Great Falls' and 'New Durham,' where there are other factories, and reached 'Alton Bay' by stage at half-past nine—about thirty miles. Here we took the steam boat on the Lake 'Winnepisseogce,' and had a delightful ride from one end of it to the other—say 25 miles; its average breadth is about eight miles, with very numerous islands,

perhaps 300 of various sizes, and on some few of these islands are large farms. The mountains, towering over each other all around, add great interest to the voyage up the Lake. The 'Red Mountain,' the 'Sandwich Mountains,' the 'Osippec Mountain,' &c. &c., came in all their various shapes and distances before the eye; and at one period of our sail, we distinctly saw 'Mount Washington,' the highest of the 'White Mountains' (in New Hampshire), at a distance of 70 miles or more, towering over all the rest. It is 6234 feet above the level of the sea; *i. e.*, about 2200 feet higher, I believe, than Ben Lomond. We distinctly saw, with the naked eye, and easily with a good glass, the white clouds occasionally covering its cap, and then leaving it open again to our view. In this beautiful lake, perch, roach, trout, &c. are caught in abundance, and one of the boatmen told us he had known of salmon trout caught in it of the weight of 25lbs. On Con Island, in this lake, is a fine dairy farm. On reaching 'Centre Harbour,' at the farther end of the lake, we dined, and then took stages through Sandwich and Tamworth to Conway, 30 miles, where, I thank God, we arrived safe at a quarter before eight o'clock, after a very pleasant ride. The country, during this last ride, is but poor in soil, and shews a face of sand and stones almost continually; and the road presents a constant variation of hill and dale, thickly covered with tall pines, oaks, &c. &c., and brushy underwood. It was Derbyshire and Yorkshire scenery nearly

all the way, only that the hills here are so much more lofty and well wooded. Six miles of our road was through a swampy wood, but still with a good deal of up and down riding; and the jolts we got now and then on the coach box, where I sat, were somewhat in their motion like the riding over a hedge-back when hunting. The 'Six Mile Lake' (Lake Eton) is near to this part of the road, and a very pretty little lake it is. Near to it we saw several pits dug for the purpose of lighting large fires, and burning the wood when it is cut down. A gentleman said to us the other day, 'A Yankee hates a tree as he hates Old Harry.'"

"*August* 19*th. (Sunday.)*—My birth-day. I thank God for all his past care and preservation of me, and I earnestly entreat him to continue and increase his mercies to me for the time to come.

"This morning and afternoon Mr. Parker, of Boston, read two very excellent sermons at the church here, the only church in this place, and without a minister for the last eighteen months or two years, owing to the inhabitants not being able to agree in the choice of a suitable one, some inclining—the largest portion—to the Independents, others to the Baptists, Methodists, and Universalists. Mr. Parker, as a layman and the master of a school, volunteered to read two of Burder's Village Sermons; and the whole service was interesting. From 80 to 150 attended. The population of Conway is 1,400. I say that the whole service was interesting, and it really was so. Mr. Parker, in the most unassuming manner, told

the congregation, before he commenced, that he was a layman, and would read them a sermon, which he did, after a very suitable extempore prayer. I could not help being struck with the necessity of a church establishment in all new countries, as well as old ones, from what I learned to-day. Here is a population of 1,400 or more who have no stated preaching. Why could not the State government say to a clergyman—'I will give you so many acres of land, or the tithes of them, or both, upon the condition that divine service is peformed, in a Scriptural way, in such and such a parish'? What harm would there be in this?—rather, how much good would there be in it?

"As the Sunday School did not meet until half-past five in the evening (without any Sabbath Day school), we could not visit it before that time, previous to which it had become very well known at our hotel (Mr. Adams's) that I was a great friend of Sunday Schools. Mr. Parker and other gentlemen begged that I would speak to the children who might assemble, and I promised to do so; I found, however, at the time of assemblage, more grown up people than was quite accordant with my feelings, because I had reason to believe that some of them had come with the expectation of hearing something more than common,—I think I must have disappointed them, for I spoke to the children only in my usual way, and I was very much pleased with their great attention. Mr. Parker said a few excellent words to them afterwards; and when he

had finished, I read to them the hymn which begins :—

> 'Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
> And press with vigour on ;
> A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
> And an immortal crown;'

and after having sung this, they proceeded to their usual exercises. After our supper (at half-past six o'clock) the singers came to sing a few hymns at the hotel, and we spent a very agreeable evening, Mr. Parker, his lady, and other male and female friends being present. A good deal of conversation having previously occurred, contributed to make us better acquainted with each other, as well as with the whole party (about 40 in number) at the hotel, who formed a large part of the morning and afternoon's congregation. I was glad to find that Mr. Parker, though a Congregationalist, or Independent, concurred in my views as to the necessity of the State providing religious instruction for places like Conway; where the inhabitants, although 1,400 in number, have been at least 18 months without a stated clergyman ; and had to depend entirely upon such accidental help as they have been able to get. On two of the Sundays within the last month, they have had by turns a Methodist and an Episcopal clergyman preaching here ; and to-day a pious layman, of the Independent persuasion, read us two excellent sermons. Those of the people, however, who are well inclined, begin to grow tired of this lack of stated service, and don't seem to care much whether the clergyman

they get be an Episcopalian, an Independent, a Presbyterian, or a Baptist. But within the last 18 months or two years, how many souls have lived and died without Christian instruction? This is a serious consideration."

"*August* 20*th*.—We left Mr. Adams's hotel by the stage this morning, at half-past five, breakfasted at Bartlett, and proceeded onward to the 'White Mountain House,' in all 37 miles. Here we dined. The whole of the road was among the 'White Mountains,' whose elevations all along are lofty and grand. We went for many miles in the valley of the Saco river; but we had heavy hills to go up and down all the way, and our journey took us 8¾ hours of time. When we entered the 'White Mountain Notch,' *i. e.* a narrow part of the valley, with stupendous mountains, sometimes almost perpendicular, on each side of us,—the scenery was sublime. We have nothing in England to be at all compared to it. The Derbyshire and Yorkshire hills give an idea of the character of the scenery, but they want the occasional extent of valleys, and always the lofty heights and tree-covered sides. The 'notch' is about three miles in length, all the way up hill, which we walked. It takes the horses an hour to drag the coach up this part of the hills. Out of one of the mountains to our right, near to the source of the Saco river, we observed a fine cataract of water, which fell (to our observation, as near as we could judge) a height altogether of 1,500 feet perpendicularly; it was not one perpendicular fall, but two or three falls, amounting on the whole to

this depth; and the effect was beautiful. Just before this, we looked into an empty house, on one side of the 'notch,' where, 12 years ago, nine persons lived, all of whom were overwhelmed by a tremendous fall of rocks, earth, and trees, which covered the valley to a considerable extent, from a depth of from ten to 25 feet; and for a time dammed up the Saco river, until it found an outlet. It seems that the storm and fall of rain, together with the melted snow, which caused this calamity, were so tremendous as to drive the inhabitants out of their house, for fear it should be washed away; and singular to say, when the falling torrent approached within 50 or 60 yards of the house, it separated, and went on both sides of it, leaving the house itself untouched; so that had they remained in it they would have been saved.

Judge Hall, of Delaware, his wife and daughter, also Mr. and Mrs. Money, and Miss Louisa and Miss E. M. Smith, were of the party, both in our enjoyments of yesterday, and in our travel to the 'Mountain House' to-day; and it was with mutual regret that we separated, after strong entreaties on their parts to spend two days with them in going to the top of 'Mount Washington.' This mount we saw distinctly from the 'Mountain House;' its lofty summit was at a distance of ten or eleven miles. A mountain party lately caught a young bear on their excursion, and it is now at the 'house' quite docile.

"We had one hour and a quarter at dinner-time, and then left by stage for Littleton (through Bethle-

hem), 18 miles, where we arrived at six o'clock. The mountain scenery to-day was altogether fine. We have come already 55 miles through the 'White mountains,' and have yet ten miles to go through them. During our last ride we saw the mountains of Vermont, 30 or 40 miles off, over six other ranges of intervening hills."

"*August* 21*st*.—We dined at Danville—a nice plain dinner, for 37½ cents, about 1s. 6d., cider included (for they had no malt liquor). We went through Marshfield and Plainfield; between which, on our left hand, we saw the chief source of the Onion River (called by the Indians Winooski), in the shape of a waterfall of at least 300 feet, coming from a 'pond' (*i. e.*, a sheet of water, as we should call it in England) from above."

"*August* 22*nd*.—We arrived at Burlington at seven o'clock, where we supped, and at half-past nine o'clock went on board the steam boat 'Winooski,' on Lake Champlain, for St. John's and Montreal, in Canada. Previous to descending the 'College Hill' (which overlooks Burlington, the Lake, the hills to the westward, in the State of New York, and to the north and east of Vermont), the view was most interesting and panoramic to the admirer of scenery, and the fine setting sun at the moment, increased the interest of the scene.

"The lofty hill called the 'Camel's Rump,' on account of its shape, was an object of attention during a great part of the day's journey. The land in the valleys was good; its crops of Indian corn, Indian wheat, oats, &c., gave proofs of their

superior fertility, compared with the valleys we had lately passed. The height of the 'Camel's Rump' mountain, is 4188 feet above the level of the sea; and that of the 'Mount Mansfield,' which we passed on our right, is 4279 feet. Burlington is a very neat and pretty town, built principally, but not entirely, of frame or wooden houses, neatly painted either white or red, but chiefly the former; and with a college in it for the instruction of students in the various arts and sciences. It is situated on the 'Winooski,' or 'Onion' river, which here falls into 'Lake Champlain.'

"After we had commenced our sail, say at about half-past ten to eleven o'clock, we witnessed, for an hour or more, a brilliant 'aurora borealis;' its prevailing colours were either of a pale blue, or a pale sea-greenish blue, and its corruscations long excited our attention. I did not sleep, but I dreamt of many very dear friends both in England and America; and at half-past four in the morning, amidst a dense fog which overspread the lake, and which, for a time, caused us to stand still, instead of moving, awaited the rising of the sun, which soon, as Doddridge says, 'dispersed the shades by opening light;' and enabled us to land at St. John's, Canada, before seven o'clock.

"I wonder what my feelings may be when I reach the real 'Old England;' but my pleasure on reaching 'British ground' was intense indeed.

"The railway train, at nine o'clock, took us fifteen miles to Laprairie, over a rather flat but

chiefly of stone, and the town in general wears an older appearance—a more European appearance, than most of the American cities. The governor's house, the prison, the hospital, the nunneries (three in number, I believe), are large and extensive buildings. I saw the nunnery in which 'Maria Monk' resided; but the story is quite disbelieved here; every one whom I have spoken to says that there is no doubt of its falsehood. If it be really false, it is impossible to divine the reason which could have induced the publication of that book. The other nun's story, which we have read in England, *i. e.* Miss Reed's narrative (of Boston), is admitted to be quite true, by all to whom I have spoken on the subject.

"I went into the Roman Catholic Cathedral here, this morning. It is built of hard stone, almost like granite, with two towers at the western end, and is the largest building for public worship that I have yet seen on this side the Atlantic; indeed it will accommodate more people, as a congregation, than any church I ever saw. In the interior it is 70 to 80 yards in length, by 50 in breadth, and is double-galleried, six pews in depth (*i. e.* one gallery above another, each six pews deep), on both sides and at one end. I am certain it will seat 6,000 to 6,500 persons; and the aisles are so spacious, that 10,000 persons more might easily stand in them. The portico entrance adds ten yards to the length, so that the whole building covers about an acre of ground—about half as much more as the whole of our Collegiate Church in Manchester, or perhaps

even more than that. There are six altars in the church, besides the grand altar; and 14 confessionals, say six on each side, and two at the western end. Several persons were performing their private devotions when I was there, and one or two were at confession. There were three or four priests present in their black and white vestments; and one venerable-looking priest was on his knees at the grand altar, without ever moving his eyes from the crucifix all the time I stayed. The priesthood here are quite loyal, and have been so all along. There is only one opinion, I find, about the Canadian rebellion, viz. that it was sustained by men who had lost all character for integrity, &c. and that spoliation—the possession of other people's property—was their great object; in the endeavour to attain which, they were eagerly assisted by the scum and off-scouring of the population of the United States. The British loyalists complain that Lord Durham's leniency will do great harm; it has been extended to a class of persons totally unworthy of it; and who, now that they see that there is pardon for the past, will have less difficulty, as they still have the disposition, to break out again when a favourable opportunity occurs.

"All sensible people here deprecate a separation from Great Britain. They say that it would be giving them up to robbers and spoilers; and they claim the protection of the mother country as a matter of right, because it was upon the faith of a continued connexion with her that they were induced to emigrate here. In walking through the

streets, I met with several of the Indian race, whose long, smooth, black hair, copper colour, and high cheek bones, together with some peculiarity in their dress, soon marked them out to the beholder as a different race of people.

"Our dinner hour was five o'clock, and I tasted. for the first time, the fresh-water fish called muskalouge, a fine, solid, and large fish, almost like cod-fish. After dinner, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, (with whom, and his amiable wife and family, we got acquainted whilst crossing lake Champlain,) kindly drove us out in his carriage, to 'the mountain;' in the drives to and from which we had a fine view of Montreal, and of the rivers St. Lawrence and Ottawer. The latter river falls into the St. Lawrence, partly above and partly below Montreal, forming an island of some extent, on which the city stands, with some fine and elevated land between its branches, on which we saw some good farming."

"*August 25th.*—At eight o'clock on Friday night we went on board the steam boat 'Canadian Eagle,' and at one o'clock the next day (Saturday) arrived at Quebec—180 miles. As soon as morning light enabled us, we had a fine view of the great river St. Lawrence, varying from two to four miles in width, and passed the towns 'Fort William Henry,' 'Three Rivers,' 'St. Ann's,' &c. Indeed, on both sides of the river, but especially the northern, the banks, which are seldom very high, but often picturesque, are studded with neat houses and well cultivated farms, and at every nine miles you enter

a fresh parish, and see its church, &c. The British subjects here are well off, being industrious and persevering; but the Canadians generally (*i. e.* the French settlers, or more properly speaking, their descendants), seem to take things very easily, and are satisfied with rags and comparative poverty, if they can only enjoy their pastime. Of course, there are many exceptions to this rule. As a body, they may be easily distinguished from the British; and the late political events have caused an almost complete alienation between the one class and the other, which it will take a long time to overcome.

"On approaching Quebec, I was struck with its commanding position and its strong fortifications. There were some vessels of war, as well as many large and small merchant ships, in the river; and the batteries from the heights seem to bid defiance to any attack. During our passage down the river we passed a large raft of wood, I should think 200 feet or more in length, by 100 or 150 in breadth; there were 10 or 12 men on it, and seven small sails were stuck up on different parts of it—each about eight or ten feet high—the wind being favourable; and the business of the men was, of course, to guide the raft. We passed several rocks and shoals in the river, which would, I should think, in some parts be rather dangerous to navigate for common sailing vessels in a rough wind.

"It was in the navigation of this river, up to Quebec, where he commanded the gun boats on Wolfe's landing (about three hundred miles from its mouth, I believe), that the celebrated Captain

Cook, about the year 1758, established that reputation in consequence of which he was entrusted, subsequently, with the command of the vessels which circumnavigated the globe, and which added to our European knowledge of geography, New Zealand, the Society and Sandwich Islands, &c. Here it was where the brave General Wolfe, opposed as he was by the equally brave French general, the Marquis de Montcalm, gave the turning point to the Canadian war; and by the sacrifice of his own life, in the same battle in which his opponent also fell, secured to the British their present North American possessions. Whoever attempts to conquer Quebec, when well defended, must be a bold man;—its ramparts, batteries, walls (sometimes 18 or 20 feet thick), and well secured citadel, seem to bid defiance to every aggressor. I went over the battle field of the 'Plains of Abraham,' this afternoon; part of it is within the present precincts of the city, and is partially built upon. It is a plot of table land, higher than Quebec itself; and, from its even surface, a part of it now forms the race-course of the city. The whole surface of this table land may be about 1½ miles long, by ¾ of a mile in breadth; and on one spot of it—the spot near which Wolfe received his mortal wound—is a plain, circular, broken pillar, enclosed within an iron railing, with this simple inscription:—

'HERE DIED
'WOLFE,
'VICTORIOUS.'

"There is another and more splendid commemoration of this battle, and of the courage and skill of the two rival commanders, erected through the exertions, in a great degree, of the Earl of Dalhousie, when governor here, about ten or eleven years ago, and which forms one of the ornaments of Quebec.

"There are several churches in Quebec, the population being about 25,000 in the upper and lower town, besides the population of Beaufort, on the northern extremity, and of Point Levi, on the other side of the river; indeed, from the ramparts and from the high 'plains of Abraham,' you perceive, for many miles on each side, a rather thickly-scattered population, for an agricultural district. As I had the opportunity to-day of attending *five* church services, I took advantage of it. I wanted to see the Roman Catholic service, and went to their High Mass at nine o'clock. It was the bishop who preached; but there were so many fine priests (about ten), with caps on their heads, that I was not quite certain, until informed so. There must have been, in the large cathedral, at least 2,500 people present. The sermon occupied 45 minutes; it was entirely extempore, and delivered with great animation, and with chaste oratorical action; but as it was in French, and delivered with rapidity, I could only catch a sentence here and there. As far as I could make it out, it dwelt much upon the duty of being charitable and liberal, in our distribution to our neighbours; and the preacher

referred, with some particularity, to the case of the 'Good Samaritan.' The ceremonies were all of them such as I have seen before in Dublin and in Baltimore; but there was much more of splendour here, and more priests engaged in chanting the responses of the service. On the whole, it was very much like a pantomime,—by far too much so for a divine service.

"At eleven o'clock I went to the Episcopal Cathedral,—or, as I am now on British ground, I think I may fairly say '*the* Cathedral.' If the preacher (the Rev. Mr. Mackay, the bishop's chaplain) be a fair specimen of the appointments here, I look forward to brighter days for Quebec. The races are to take place here in about ten days, and I think I never heard a more plain, pointed, Christian, and yet most gentlemanly remonstrance, with his congregation, on the evils which such pastimes produce, especially to the labouring population. Lady Durham was there, and, in all probability, so might his lordship (the governor-general) have been; but I am told that he does not trouble the church much with his presence. It appeared to me, however, that the presence of any patron of the races would not have prevented the preacher from giving the excellent advice which he did, and in a manner as respectful as it was firm. His motto might have been that engraved on my own seal—'*Suaviter et fortiter.*' At both these churches the people were well dressed;—it shews that they have got good clothes, and can make themselves neat if they please. But the house of a

Canadian of the lower class, in which I afterwards took shelter from a slight shower of rain, shewed many of the peculiarities of an Irish cabin,—with this difference, that there seemed to be plenty of 'food and raiment' in it. But there were no clean white-washed walls, no clean floors, not many clean pots and dishes, and some few dirty faces,

At two o'clock, the 'cathedral' (of our church, I mean) was opened for service again to the soldiers; about 700 of whom were present, besides a few others, who, like myself, wished to worship God by the side of the brave defenders of our country. I could not learn the name of the clergyman, but his earnestness of manner, and the excellency of the matter of his sermon, shewed him to be a good man. Just when this service was over, the bell of another church ceased,—it was the Scotch Presbyterian Church, where the Rev. Mr. Cooke gave a good sermon.

"At six o'clock we dined (being the usual dinner hour here, at the *Table d'Hôte)*; and at half-past six I went to hear the Rev. H. J. Wilkes (of Montreal), at the 'Congregational' (or Independent) Church here, who preached a good sermon.

> **'Thy sacred Sabbaths, Lord, we love,**
> **But seek a nobler rest above;—**
> **To that may all our souls aspire,**
> **With ardent pangs of strong desire.'"**

"*August 27th.*—At nine o'clock this morning, Mr. T. and I took a 'Calache' (so called), driven by a Canadian, who scarcely understood a word of English; and I was rather surprised myself

to find that my knowledge of the French language was not so far forgotten as to make me misunderstood when I spoke to him; nor even amongst the Indians (who speak broken French, and whom we visited in the course of the day) was I at much loss in the main parts of our conversation. I wish, however, that I had had a French dictionary or vocabulary with me, but I had not. We drove nine miles through a well cultivated and fertile country to Lorette, an Indian village,—a tribe of the Huron Indians. Some Canadians reside there, and there are two Roman Catholic churches, one for the Canadians, and another for the Indians. Into the latter church we entered, and with the exception of the altars, pictures, statues, &c. it presented the appearance of an English country church. Several of the native boys and children, with their bows and arrows, their blanket coverings, &c. soon came out to reconnoitre us, shot their arrows at a mark (in which we endeavoured to imitate them, but failed in our attempts), &c. We afterwards went to see the falls of the 'Charles River' here, which are very picturesque; and afterwards went to three or four Indian huts and cottages, which are, in construction, much like those of the Canadians. The dresses of the people, however, are different; and reminded me a good deal of the Welsh women's dresses, as compared with those of the English. The women wear a long stocking or trowser, which exposes the hinder part of the leg considerably; and both men and women wear a sort of blanket cloak (provided for them by the British

government), which, if you are at a great distance from them, prevents you from distinguishing whether they are men or women. In one of the houses (a respectable one in appearance, as compared with the rest) which we entered, we found the mistress to be the sister of the chief of the tribe. Her husband's name is Paul Pekawr, who owns and farms 130 acres of land. Her brother's name (the chief) is Vincent Adowonkoughi, who possesses a large mill upon the Lake Huron, for corn-grinding, and is the owner of 200 to 300 acres of land besides. The house was large and commodious, and remarkably clean; and she told me that there were, in the village, 50 houses of Indians, and about two hundred or more individuals. The straight black hair, high cheek bones, and copper colour, were manifest in the whole of this village population. Their manner of address was respectful and agreeable; and I very soon found myself 'at home' with them in conversation, *i. e.* as far as we could make ourselves understood; and which, with their broken French, was to a great extent more than I expected. On asking several of them separately, 'whether they liked the government of the English, or the government of Pappineau, the best,' I had scarcely pronounced the words before they replied, with evident dislike of Pappineau, — '*Ah! ne bon Pappineau:* — *Anglois—Anglois—Anglois,*'—*i. e.* or in other words,—''Pappineau no good—let us have the English, the English.'

"The 'Charles River' runs through this village,

and the falls at this point are really striking. The finest falls, however, which we saw to-day were those of the river Montmorency, which are 240 feet perpendicular, and beautiful indeed. The drive to these falls from Lorette is about fourteen miles; and all along the road you keep in prospect one of the best views of Quebec; which, with its shining tin-covered church-steeples, on the graduated hill to the southward of the drive—its city walls, esplanade, citadel, martello-towers, and the high 'battle ground' where Wolfe gained his victory, &c. &c., form a very picturesque scene, both for the painter who loves the landscape, and for the patriot who loves his country. The character of the scenery towards Quebec, from the side where I viewed it to-day, was much like that of Old Edinburgh as viewed from the New Town; only that the intermediate space was so much larger than in the latter case, and the mount on which Quebec stands so much higher.

"After we had seen the Falls of Montmorency, we adjourned to a small hotel or inn in the neighbourhood. The occupants were Canadians, who could not speak a word of English, and as we were very hungry, I had to go down into the kitchen and shew them the frying-pan; my knowledge of French not happening to extend to a knowledge of the names used in plain cookery. The landlady, who was a very cheerful and pleasant woman, told me, in the course of conversation, that she had had seven children, and wondered very much that I was a bachelor. We found the family

very much disposed to oblige us; and when we asked what was the amount we had to pay for our refreshment, the answer was, that they would make no charge, but that they would leave it to ourselves.

"On our return to Quebec, we went before dinner to the citadel—a fine space of ground of about half a mile square, and well defended. The military were on parade, and we saw at the same time three or four of the prisoners concerned in the late rebellion, taking their guarded exercise; one of them was a Colonel Dodges, and another was of the name of General Thellers, or Theller. I think it will be a long time before an undisciplined or a well-disciplined force will be able to take Quebec, whilst defended by British troops."

"*August* 30*th*.—We left Montreal at ten o'clock this morning, by stage, for Lachine, nine miles. Here we took the steam boat on the St. Lawrence, to the 'Cascades,' 24 miles; where, in consequence of the rapids, we again took the stage, going all the way along the fertile banks of the same river, and delighted with the cultivation of the country, the views of the rapids, of the numerous islands, &c. for 16 miles, to Coteau-du-Lac, where we again took the steam-boat, 41 miles, and slept on board all night, arriving at Cornwall about one o'clock in the morning. At six in the morning, we again took the stage for the same reason as before, say for twelve miles, to the head of Long Soult Rapids, where we took the steam-boat to Prescott, 38 miles, and to Kingston, 72 miles further, where we

arrived at about midnight, and slept on board the packet. At this point (Kingston Bay) we were near the head of the river St. Lawrence; or, in other words, near the mouth of Lake Ontario. The river varies in width from three to eight or ten miles all the way up, and is almost studded with houses on both sides. The islands in the river are very numerous; and between Prescott and Kingston we come to the group called 'The Thousand Islands;' and were told that there were 1,700 of these large and small clumps, which, from what I saw, I can easily believe. We passed the mouth of the 'Ottawa,' between Coteau-du-Lac and Cornwall. Prescott is a good town, with four churches in it; and on the opposite side of the river is the town of Ogdensburgh, in the state of New York, at which we touched. We also stopped at Brockville, which is a nice town; indeed, the people of England have no idea what a fine country Canada is;—and soon after leaving Montreal, up the river, you get into the English part of it, *i. e.* into Upper Canada. Below Montreal the language spoken in the villages is always French, but not so in Upper Canada. We passed a raft of wood to-day, which could not be less than 900 feet long by 150 wide, *i. e.* covering a surface of three statute acres, and towed down the river by a large steam-boat: there were 14 small cabins on it, and many hands to guide it. Kingston is a flourishing town, of about 7,000 inhabitants. Directly opposite to it, on the other side of the river, is Point Henry, the place from whence eleven or twelve of the Canadian rebel pri-

soners lately escaped. At this point, the Tattarackway river falls into Kingston Bay, and there is a bridge across it from Kingston to the fort of Point Henry."

"*September 1st.*—At half-past eight this morning we left Kingston in the fine steam boat 'Great Britain,' of 650 tons burthen, to cross Lake Ontario; and I am now (eleven o'clock) writing these remarks on board of her, as well as the shaking of the vessel will allow. The day is fine and the wind fresh, and I am a good deal reminded, by the wide expanse of water around me, of sailing across the Atlantic. May God give us a safe and pleasant voyage, and every other blessing which we can desire, for another month!"

"*September 2nd. (Sunday.)*—At four o'clock yesterday afternoon we reached 'Oswego,' on the southern side of the lake, in the state of New York, having sailed about 60 or 65 miles across the lake, with a strong wind. Indeed, the wind was so strong, and the lake so rough, that Captain Whitney, for the first time this season, determined not to sail until the wind abated; and I have consequently had the happiness to attend church today. The Episcopal Church was not open, from some accidental cause, but I heard a very good sermon at the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Read, of Meckersville, or Mickleville, Canada, was a passenger, and told me a story in reference to Lord Durham's chartering a steam-boat, which I must here omit for want of time to write it down, but which shewed that his lordship has

not lost his high temper since his arrival in Canada.

"In reading over the beautiful services of our church to-day, I thought of, and not only thought of but prayed for, very many dear friends in England.

"We sailed at four o'clock in the afternoon, having been detained 24 hours. The wind, although somewhat abated, was still rough; but the day was fine and bright."

"*September 3rd.*—We passed the town of Niagara (Canada), about half-past seven this morning, being at a distance, along the lake, of about 140 or 150 miles from Oswego, and entered the 'Niagara River,' which at this point empties itself into Lake Ontario, being the grand supply of water for that lake, furnished by Lake Erie. The river here is of very great depth, and pours an immense volume of water—say 120 millions of gallons, or more—into the lake per minute. It has been calculated that 29 millions of gallons of water are consumed in London in a day; it would appear, therefore, that as much water comes over the Falls of Niagara in *about a quarter of a minute, as would supply all London for a whole day.* At its mouth, on Lake Ontario, the river is about half a mile in width, with a British fort on one side and an American fort on the other. We reached Lewistown, about seven or eight miles up the river, on the American side, at half-past eight; and soon afterwards proceeded by the stage to the town of 'Manchester,' as it was called until the

last two or three years, but it is now generally known as the 'Niagara Falls'—though, in point of fact, by far the finest part of the 'Falls' is on the Canadian side of the river.

"Opposite to Lewistown, is Queenstown, in Canada; on the heights above which is a pretty monument erected in memory of General Brock, who here gained a victory over the American forces in the last war, and fell in the engagement.

"We got to 'Manchester' (a much-loved name) at ten o'clock, and were not long in proceeding to view the wonders of the great Niagara. But what pen can write—what tongue describe, or what pencil depict, in combination, the magnificence and grandeur which it presents to the eye of the beholder! I have heard of people being disappointed when they beheld it; and so was I, but in this way only, that it *exceeded* all the expectations I had previously formed of it. Now that I have seen this mighty rush of waters, running over the magnificent precipices on both sides of the river, in a length of line which, if stretched right out instead of the horse-shoe form, would extend more than three-fourths of a mile, and with a depth in its strongest or central part of *twenty feet* of water, and at the rate of six miles an hour;—I say I can easily fancy *now* that as much water runs over these Falls in one minute of time, as would furnish every family in England, Scotland, and Ireland, with more than *twenty gallons*,—yes, more than twenty gallons of water in one minute for every family in Great Britain!

"We went over the bridge (erected by Judge Porter, the owner of the land, I believe) to 'Goat Island,' which is not quite in the middle of the river, but nearer the American side. It is about 1000 yards long, and about 500 broad, containing 62 statute acres of land. We descended 'Biddle's Staircase,' a flight of encased wooden steps erected by Mr. Nicholas Biddle, and which you descend just as you would from the top of a church steeple—say to a depth of 70 feet. You have then much further to descend, in perpendicular depth, but by winding paths, until you get to the surface, or near the surface, of the water which falls from above. When you *do* reach these points, you can no longer doubt that the perpendicular height of these wondrous Falls is 156 to 164 feet—in other words, within 20 or 25 feet of the height of St. Mary's spire, in Manchester! The whole height of the Falls, however, cannot be measured merely by this outward appearance; the water from above falls upon *another surface of water below*, which has never been fathomed; it can therefore only be guessed at. When it is considered that at the ferry below the Falls, the depth of the river is 243 feet, we may fairly suppose that, immediately *under* the precipice where the water actually falls, the depth of the 'pool,' or 'channel,' can scarcely be less than 400 feet. Now, if this be a correct 'guess,' the whole fall from the top of the precipice to the bottom of the channel will be 550 feet; *i. e.* 400 feet under water, and 156 to 164 above it! At the

point where the waters from above intermingle after their fall with the waters below, it is literally like a large river of milk or cream for its whole width—say 1,200 or 1,300 feet, and for a still greater distance down the river; whilst the foaming torrent from above, for three-fourths of its extent (*i. e.* excepting only the very deepest rush of the water, which, from its twenty feet or more of solidity, presents a rather greenish-blue appearance), looks like a constantly-running, rolling, falling, rich 'whip cream.' The almost perpendicular rocks and banks of the river, all the way down as far as the eye can reach, are strikingly grand; with trees or bushes growing out of many parts of the crevices; among others I noticed the vine and the gooseberry, neither of which had borne fruit, being shaded, where I saw them, by the overhanging rocks, completely from the sun.

"In the afternoon we crossed the ferry to the Clifton Hotel, on the Canada side. Previous to this I was surprised, however, on ascending Biddle's staircase, on Goat Island, when coming back from the surface of the water, to hear my name loudly called on from a seat in the wood, and was glad to recognise a respected friend, J. W. Cowell, Esq., of London, who was formerly one of the Factory Commissioners sent down by Parliament to Manchester, and who has been for some months in the United States.

"From the Clifton Hotel and the grounds above, the view of the mighty cataract is splendid;—and what adds greatly to the scene, is the view of the

rolling, rushing rapids above the Falls, coming down a gradual slope as far as the eye can trace the river;—as if the waters seemed in a mighty hurry to get to the place where they were destined to pounce into the chasm below.

"Whilst on Goat Island, the trembling and shaking of its whole surface was strikingly perceptible; the sensation one feels is similar to that which is felt on a steam-boat when passing over small rippling waves, and not much unlike the motion of a church-steeple when all the bells are ringing. It seemed to me that the immense weight of water which kept pouring down, shook the very foundations of the island, and kept it in a constantly throbbing motion.

"We stopped at the Clifton Hotel,—but before tea-time we went as far as the top of Table Rock; in proceeding towards which, we had to pass through a shower of spray, for all the world like a 'good shower of rain,—and no mistake.' I got wet through, for I had no previous idea of the need of an umbrella on such a fine day. On asking a black man, in a jocose manner, how long this shower would last, he shewed his white teeth, and said, 'As long as de wind blows dis way;—we no need clouds to bring us rain here.' The spray rises to a very great height, sometimes 2,000 feet or more,—going up like a thick vapour, which may be seen, sometimes, at the distance of forty or fifty miles; some of it was seen this morning twenty miles off, on board our steam-boat. When on the banks of the river, looking downwards, we saw

several beautiful rainbows, or parts of rainbows, reflected by the spray itself; but a complete and perfect rainbow was visible on looking upward, when we passed through the shower this afternoon; indeed the rainbow was precisely similar to what it usually is in an ordinary shower of rain."

"*September 4th.*—I am still delighted with the Niagara Falls. To have heard their sound all night, and to have seen their regular and unvarying descent during the day;—to have witnessed the foam and vapours which constantly arise after their fall into the unfathomed abyss beneath;—to have actually felt their spray like a shower of rain at the distance of half a mile or more, and to have seen it at a distance of many miles beyond this,—is one of those circumstances, the interest of which must be felt by the naturalist and the Christian in order to be fully conceived.

"The museum here is worth notice. In addition to the stuffed birds, beasts, &c., there are two living rattle-snakes, precisely similar in appearance and size to the one which I saw crossing the road about a month ago, when coming down from the Catskill Mountains.

"There is now an encampment of British troops here; and to my pleasurable surprise, I found Lieut.-Colonel Booth, of the 43rd Regiment, to be the commandant. As Colonel B. had been in Manchester during a part of my official engagements there, I called upon him, and met with a cordial reception.

"On going to 'Chippewa Battle Field' to-day,

the view of the Niagara 'Rapids,' as well as of the 'Falls,' was beautifully grand. At a point of the road near to the 'Rapids' Falls Hotel,' is, I think, the best situation for a picture which I have yet found here.

"At Chippewa we stopped at the 'Battle Field Hotel' (the 'battle-field' of the year 1814), but as it happens to be directly opposite to 'Navy Island,'—that island in the Niagara river which was the resort and dwelling-place of the Canadian rebels during the last winter—the name is not inappropriate now. Indeed the hotel itself bears the mark of cannon-shot from the island (about half a mile or less across this branch of the river), and we brought away with us a six-pound cannon-ball, which was lying about the premises for anybody's use to bowl with, and which had been sent from the rebels' gun against the British forces, then encamped on this spot. I am quite satisfied that, by a little exertion and expense, the rebels might have been driven from this spot much earlier than they were; and I am quite sure that Colonel Booth is of the same opinion.

"Navy Island is a British possession; but Grand Island (containing 47,000 acres of land, or about 70 square miles), is an American possession. They are both surrounded by the river Niagara, and the passage between the two is but a few hundred yards; so that the rebels had always an easy retreat when hard pushed.

"On returning from 'Chippewa,' we visited the 'Burning Spring;' *i. e.* a spring of water, the gas

from which, when a light is applied to it, will take fire; but the warm season lately had so far dried up the powers of the spring as to prevent its burning when we were there. Other visitors, during the day (Colonel Shawe, of the Coldstream Guards, and his lady, for instance), with whom we had become agreeably acquainted during our excursion, were more fortunate than we were, and witnessed a faint exhibition of its powers.

"I felt yesterday, and have felt still more to-day, the shaking and rocking powers of these mighty falls. Even the Clifton Hotel, at about half a mile's distance (where I now write these remarks, at twelve o'clock at night), is shaken by them; and the 'noise of many waters' which now enters my ear, is far greater than I ever remember to have heard when near to the sea shore."

"*September 5th.*—To-day I visited the museum and the camera obscura, the latter of which gives a good view of the falls. The best view, however, of the falls, as a whole, is from the balcony at the top of the Clifton Hotel, at an elevation of 65 or 70 feet from the ground. You there see both the American and the Canadian falls, with the rapids, for some distance above each. I am more and more astonished with these 'wonders which to God belong.' The ravine through which the river flows below the falls, as far as the eye can reach, is bounded by two almost perpendicular rocky banks, at an elevation above the surface of the water of 200 to 300 feet, with trees and brushwood growing out of the sides, much in the same way as

at Matlock Bath, in Derbyshire, and the waters bear much the same appearance as those of the Derwent in the latter place; *i. e.* a kind of sea green, or greenish blue. At one part not far below the falls, say a mile or two, the river is narrowed by the embankments to the breadth of about 850 feet; but its general breadth is about a quarter of a mile.

Lieut.-Col. Booth, Lieut.-Col. Shawe, Mrs. Shawe, and Mrs. Chaplin were kind enough to accept our invitation to dinner to-day, and we had, of course, quite an English party;—and I think I need not say a pleasant one. I am quite satisfied, from what has passed in casual conversation to-night, that there is a want of energy here in the governing powers. Yes, a want (in case of need) of the means of either offence or defence, which the Duke of Wellington would never sanction. I do not like to say much more on the subject; but I will say this—that her majesty's present ministers are not, in my opinion, the men to perpetuate her colonies in this part of the world; neither is Lord Durham the proper man to be governor-general, &c., &c. of the Canadas. I do not form this opinion from what has passed in our conversation to-night alone, but from the whole of the impression I have gathered during my inquiries and observations in the Canadas. I find that the 'laxity of law' in the United States territories is here a subject of regret. In a Philadelphia paper, which I took up casually to-day, at the Clifton Hotel, I find no fewer than eight murders referred

to, all in very short paragraphs, just as every day occurrences would be printed in England; and I think I may venture to predict that not one person will be hanged in consequence of these murders. In England, the whole country would be roused to find out the murderers; but here, it is a nine days' wonder, and nobody gives himself much trouble about it. Indeed, human life seems to be of very little value in the United States, as compared with Great Britain; and if half a dozen murders should be committed by 'the mob' or 'the people, when in an excited state,' it is a hundred to one whether a jury would find anybody guilty; and, even if so, it is more than doubtful whether one-half of the judges would 'pass sentence.'"

"*September 6th.*—In taking another walk to the 'Great Crescent' (or horse-shoe) Fall to-day, I went close up to the edge of the precipice—say within a yard of the extreme point of it on which the waters fall; and it appeared, as a whole, grander than ever. The force and rapidity with which the falling water tumbles down into the abyss below, gives it the appearance of a never-ending shower of pearls. I was more astonished than ever; and as I dipped my 'Navy Island walking stick' into the falling water for the last time, whilst the very rock on which I stood trembled under me, I felt a degree of regret in departing from such a scene, which I never felt before.

"During my musing walk back to the hotel, I called in at the museum; and the motion of the house, although more than a quarter of a mile from

the nearest part of the falls, was such as to make all the stuffed birds on their perches (as I had noticed before) shake so much, that they must have fallen off very soon, if their feet had not been securely fastened.

"I noticed in the woods, within thirty yards of each other, the 'arbor vitæ' or 'cedar tree,' in four instances growing out of the stump of another tree, to-day, like a natural engraftment. In winter, the rapids and falls never freeze; neither does the Niagara river, either above or below, accumulate ice; which always comes down the river, when it comes at all, in small floating quantities. The spray, therefore, which is continually arising from the falls, when settled upon the trees, becomes frozen, and covers them with icicles; and when once the earth, at the rocky roots of their foundations, becomes loosened by a thaw, the weight of the remaining icicles upon them breaks them down, and the finest wood breaks first. The sap, however, remains for years in the roots, or in the yard or two of stem which is left; and in these stems I have seen the 'cedar,' the 'beech,' &c. &c. growing in full health and vigour, out of the stem of a former pine tree.

"The fine 'musk melons' were growing, to-day, together with the large orange-coloured 'pumpkins,' in all the gardens hereabout. I bought a fine musk melon yesterday, fully ripe, and weighing about five pounds, for an English tenpence.

"At half-past one o'clock we left this extremely

interesting spot, and went seven miles down the river to the monument erected to the memory of General Brock, on the heights above Queenstown, and near which he fell among his victorious troops. It is a pretty pillar, of a circular form, and with a dome at the top. The land here, both on the American and British sides of the river, is from 320 to 370 feet above the river, which is about a quarter of a mile wide. It is the highest on the Canadian side, but on both sides it shelves off rather suddenly, and settles into an embankment, all the way to Lake Ontario (about seven miles further), of perhaps 150 or 200 feet; and which makes the view on both sides, as well as down the river from Queenstown Heights, very picturesque.

"At half-past five o'clock we sailed from Lewistown, opposite to Queenstown, in the Great Britain steamer; and Captain Whitney, the commander, confirmed what I had heard related before, viz., that the waters of Lake Ontario, which he has navigated for 20 years or more, were higher by two feet two years ago than they were previously, and that they have gone down 1½ feet since that time. He cannot at all account for this; but such is the fact."

"*September 9th. (Sunday.)*—Having heard so much of the 'Shakers,' one of the religious denominations of this country, Mr. T. and I went over this morning to their settlement in this neighbourhood. It is in the township or parish of 'Niskayuna,' and is called the 'Shakers' Settlement;' it is about six or eight miles hence, through

a picturesque road. We left Albany at half-past seven, after breakfast, and arrived a full hour before their service commenced, which was at half-past ten. There are in this settlement four 'Families,' having *one church* at the spot we went to; but each 'Family' resides about three-quarters of a mile, on the average, *apart*, for the greater convenience of attending to their agriculture. At the 'Family' where the church is situated, there are 108 members altogether; *i. e.* male and female; old, middle-aged, and young. There are six or eight good, neat, large, and clean houses where they live, besides workshops for sewing, washing, broom-making, tailoring, shoe-making, grinding corn, &c. &c.; in all about 40 buildings, including barns and stables. Some of the buildings are four stories high besides the attics, and have got 50 to 70 windows in them; and they are all remarkably clean. They are without carpets, but so very clean and bright are the floors, that you might almost eat your dinner off them. The out-door dress of the settlers is a good deal like that of our English Quakers, both in style and colour,—drab being the favourite colour both for hats, coats, and cloaks, and a sort of Adelaide or plum-colour for the trowsers and jacket-waistcoats of the males. The females wear nice straw cottage bonnets; which they take off in the church, appearing all in white, with plain white caps, and white handkerchiefs over their shoulders, and each a white pocket handkerchief, neatly folded, hanging over the left wrist or arm. Most

of the men and boys also wore their jackets only, with very clean white shirt sleeves, and white collars—I dare say because of the warm weather.

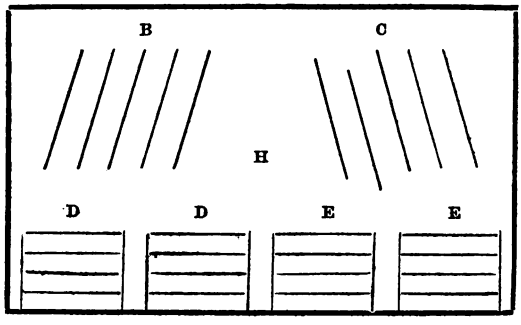
"On entering into conversation with one of the male members, before the service, he told me, in answer to my various inquiries, that they called themselves 'The United Society of Believers in Jesus Christ;' that they did not believe in the deity or in the atonement of Christ, but revered him for the excellent example he had set; that they did not believe in the deity of the Holy Spirit, but considered it, although inferior to God himself, as a good manifestation of a lesser character. A female member, also, with whom I conversed in the 'office' (one of the houses where I got two books relating to the society, after the service was over), confirmed these views; and said that they did not believe in eternal punishments, for that God was too merciful to visit sin in this way; but that he punished those who died unpenitent in another world, until such time as they were penitent and confessed their sins; and that he then forgave them. She said, also, that they believed that people might repent in another world as well as here; and that they did not believe the 'resurrection' to be a 'resurrection of the body,' but only of the 'soul,' &c. To many of the arguments advanced in favour of their opinions, I gave answers; and when she in turn gave an argument for dancing, that 'David danced before the Lord,' I admitted that dancing might be a lawful mode either of exercise or of worshipping God, under strong, sudden, and

pleasurable excitement; but that we never heard of its being practised, as singing undoubtedly was, in the public worship of the temple. On asking the male member, also, before referred to, why they did not allow the members of their society to marry, and why they dismissed them in case they *did* marry, and on his replying that 'Christ did not marry and the apostles did not marry," I answered that it is said in Scripture, that 'Peter's wife's mother was sick.' To this he replied, 'But he was married before he became a believer.' I then quoted the advice and allowance of St. Paul, and the practice of the Old Testament Church; the arguments arising from which he evaded. It is not, however, my purpose to write down here the arguments I used, but the facts I saw and learned.

"There are, in all the four 'families' of this settlement, about 300 members of all ages; of whom about 52 males and 56 or 58 females were present to-day,—the rest being lawfully detained by different causes. At the 'Lebanon Settlement' (about 25 miles hence) there are 600 members; and there are seventeen settlements of this people, in all, in the United States. The sect was founded by Ann Lee, who formerly lived in Toad-lane, Manchester, and whose husband had been a blacksmith there. She was, before her emigration to America, a member of the society called 'The French Prophets;' and after coming over here about fifty years ago, with a large family, founded the present sect. They speak highly of her goodness and piety, and to this day they call her 'our dear mother.'

"There were at least 200 or 250 listeners and spectators to-day (beside the 108 or 110 members), and there were from 40 to 50 carriages of all kinds, which had conveyed them here. The church is about 18 yards by 12, with one of the cleanest boarded floors I ever saw.

"After sitting a quarter of an hour or so, one of the ministers or elders rose up, which was the signal for all the rest to rise and stand in the order following:—



after having removed their own forms back a little, the spectators occupying their own seats, *i. e.* the seats first appropriated to them during the whole service. H is the place where the 'elder' stood, having the male and female members on his right and left, in lines as just above described. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour or more; and spoke in a very sincere and edifying strain, of the

great privilege they enjoyed in being called from the world as a 'peculiar people,' and of the happiness they all enjoyed in being thus separated as the followers of Jesus. He descanted on the duty and happiness of this separation, and warned them to escape the judgment to come by sincerely repenting of, and confessing every sin, by which means alone they could escape the judgment of God, &c. &c.

"They then sung a hymn, and sung it remarkably well; but without taking any 'part' of the music except the 'air.' During the first two verses, standing as they did in the above position, there was a rocking motion in their persons, with a step perceptible in the foot; much like a number of children when, in their play, they rock to and fro in singing a childish ballad; or like the singing of a hymn in an infant school. Then, in the next stanza, they clapped their hands all at once, and in the same manner, and quite in time with their feet and with the tune. The effect was rather pretty than otherwise; and the extreme gravity with which *all*, both old and young, went through these ceremonies, gave them far more of a devotional character than can well be imagined by those who have never witnessed such a sight. This remark holds true in reference to all I am about to state; and I particularly wish it to be borne in mind by myself, whilst writing down my observations. When the third or fourth stanza was sung, they all went down upon their knees at once, and sung several stanzas more in that position; and,

when the last verse and note was ended, made a graceful movement by opening both hands (which had been clasped before), just as a gentleman in England would do when saying, 'Good morning, sir.'

"At the conclusion of this hymn (which, as far as I could collect, was good in its sentiments), they all rose up and took their standing positions as before described. A second 'elder,' after a short pause, then came forward (in the position marked letter H, in my rough diagram); and after alluding to those things in their worship which some might deem 'peculiar,' desired them (the strangers) not to spit on the floors (which, I must say, by the way, if you want to keep them clean, is a necessary exhortation in America); because they wished to keep the house of God pure, for God himself was pure. He desired also that they would not laugh, or whisper; he said they had no objection for strangers who were now living in the world to be present at the worship, and to witness how happy they were who, although formerly living in the world, had now 'found God,' and had been made happy 'out of the world;' for that this was a free country, and everybody had freedom of worship, &c., &c. This occupied about ten minutes,—I thought a part of this address was needless, for, in spite of the oddities, as we should call them, of what had gone before. I was still rather solemnly impressed than otherwise, and certainly not inclined to laugh.

"They then sung again, something in the

anthem style; but as they have never published their hymns (although printed for their own use), I could not get a copy of what was sung; they declining to sell them. It was, however, to a very lively tune that they sung; and the words appeared to be good as far as I could gather them. They sung for a short space with the same motion as before; and then, all at once changing their position, like so many dragoons in a regiment—four or six men stood lengthwise in the room, opposite each other, and eight women in the same way, just as if for a *contre dance*—only men and men were opposite to each other, and women and women the same. These 12 or 14 men and women then continued their lively singing, with clapping of hands to the time of the tune; and the remainder, by a sort of magical transformation, took their places in a dancing promenade, going round these six or seven couple, or, in other words, around all the open space of the room;—men and boys side by side, by two and two (or sometimes three, because of the space not allowing otherwise), and the women and girls the same. By-and-by, they changed their position, just as if in a quadrille, and formed four rows behind each other; *i. e.*, four rows of men and boys,—side by side with four rows of women. I never saw a better set of dancers in a quadrille in my life; and the gravity,—the extreme gravity of their countenances, with the 'good words' which appeared to be sung, the excellent time they kept, my own great fondness for music, and the sort of tickling sensation

in my breast (which, at this moment, almost amounted to laughter), made me say to myself, at the moment, 'I wonder what they would say if I were to join them in the dance?" To describe my feelings of surprise at such an unexpected exhibition,—of conviction that the actors in it were sincere in what they were doing,—of astonishment that the hearty dancers themselves could be so grave over it in their performance, and so perfectly collected after they stood still, *in a moment;*—all this would be impossible.

"To describe Niagara Falls, one of the grandest works of the great God's inanimate creation, had previously baffled my powers so completely, as almost to dishearten me from that attempt; but it sinks into the shade, comparatively speaking, when I find myself attempting to pourtray the wonderful *eccentricity* of my own living and animated species, so as I have seen it this day.

"But what I have already mentioned is nothing to what I saw. I never was at an opera; but I have heard the opera dancers described. Now, I will venture to say, in spite of all my ignorance of operas, that if you would *pay* an opera dancer £100. per night, she could not perform the evolutions—the twistings and twirlings-round—the tremulous shakings—the heel and toe movements upon whirligig;—the bowings of the head whilst upon knees, both backwards and forwards, and after several 'spinning-jenny revolutions,'—which, to my astonishment, I have seen performed to-day in the shape of religious worship. I am so fearful

that even I myself may be led hereafter to think of them only as a dream, that I put them down in writing with this particularity, to prevent my own mistakes for the time to come.

"After this 'the game began,' as we should say in England. The words of 'Lu ral—lu ral—lu ral—lu ral—lu ral la!' or, 'Dum dum—a dum dum: rum dum—a dum dum;' like a nurse singing to a dancing child—or any other sounds you can imagine, without words being appended, were sung by the middle row of performers (as I should call them); and the remainder danced to them *really well.* I never saw better dancing among ten or a dozen quadrille parties, when dancing together, in my life; though, of course, I don't speak of the figures: I speak only of the steps, of the double and single shuffle, and the other 'hops, skips, and jumps,' of the dancers.

"After this had continued a while, however, if I might use a Lancashire expression—'the steam was up.' Many of the younger women, varying from 12 to 25 years of age, began to make the strange movements referred to in the foregoing page. In addition to all their 'shakings,' and backward and forward movements, some of them began to move round like peg-tops; I do, really and seriously, not know of any better description by which I could make an Englishman or an Englishwoman understand what I saw, than this. There were two young women (and, in appearance, very pretty and handsome ones—a good deal like more than two or three of the young ladies with

whom I have the pleasure to be acquainted in England, and the resemblance to whom, therefore, struck me the more), who exceeded the rest in their whirligig motions. One of them moved round and round 35 times, and another of them 42 times, in this whirligig fashion, as I call it;—making the whole of these revolutions in less than half a minute. Another of them, after whirling about (with various motions and shaking of the body into the bargain), deliberately locked her arms behind her back, and made half a dozen movements round in a *jiffey* (as I should say); for I really don't know any better term by which to describe my meaning. Let it be observed, that in stating the number of 'revolutions,' or rather 'evolutions,' which they performed, I state positively what I observed myself on counting them.

"I observed another thing: that this 'movement of the spirit,' as it is here considered, was confined not only to the women, but to the younger women and girls,—to those who had not only light heads but light heels. None of the boys were affected in this way. Two of the middle-aged men (one about 45, the other about 55), seemed to shake a bit at one time (just as people do who are about to have what is called 'a fit'), but they soon got over it.

"To describe all the subsequent anthems and jig-tunes (all of which were accompanied with dances, clapping of hands to the tune, &c., and all done with perfect gravity and solemnity,) would be greatly beyond my power. At one time five or six young women, whilst whirling, dancing, shivering, shaking,

bending, and bowing in the throng, gave utterance to some sounds in a plaintive, murmuring tone, which I could not understand,—neither do I know whether anybody else understood them. I believe these sounds were in 'unknown tongues.' With the exception of one or two of the youngest of them, they were not at all 'dizzy' with their strange motions, but joined in with the others in the changes of the dance.

"Every now and then they stopped for three or five minutes, and sang some stanzas in a standing position, and wiped the perspiration from their persons. Indeed I wondered how they could 'stand' this 'hard service.' There was one old woman with spectacles (very much like the representations we have seen of Dr. Syntax), who 'stood it' remarkably well, and danced like a 'young one.'

"One or two more of the elders stepped forward and spoke in the intervals, and after the last 'exercise' of dancing and shaking (in which one young woman locked her hands behind her back, as I have before described, and swung round half a dozen times without moving from her position, just like a top), and after one or two of the women had given a few words of exhortation (addressed in a rather low tone of voice, apparently to her own sex), one of the elders who had spoken before came forward, and addressed a few parting words of exhortation, and said, at the conclusion, 'The assembly is dismissed.'

"One of the hymns, which they sung to a merry

jig-tune, with clapping of hands, &c., was this:—

> 'To follow him our Saviour Christ,
> We all go on together;
> And when this life is past and gone,
> At last join our dear mother.'

Of course they danced to this like the other tunes. By their 'mother' they mean Ann Lee, whose instructions they look upon as equally valuable with those of Christ.

"At the 'office,' afterwards, I had a good deal of talk with the female who furnished us with the books; she told us, among other things, that they had only *one* service on Sundays, which I think is quite enough if it is to be performed in their way. Our gracious Lord and Saviour said that His yoke was easy, and His burden light;—but I think, that, to some of those who here engaged in it to-day, it must have been toilsome and heavy in the performance.

"After purchasing the books, we returned to Albany, and attended Dr. Sprague's church (Presbyterian), in the afternoon and evening, the Episcopalian church not being open, on account of the illness, I believe, of the minister.

"Once more I thank God for the Sabbath! 'May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with me and remain with me now and always!' Sunday night, half-past twelve.

"*September* 16*th. (Sunday.)*—I have often heard of the 'camp meetings' held by the Methodists and others in this country, and yesterday I got to

know that a camp meeting of the Methodist persuasion would be either continued or held to-day, at Manhassett, in Long Island, adjoining New York; and in consequence, Mr. Turlay and I agreed to go to it this morning. At a little before seven o'clock I went down to the place whence the steam boat took its departure for the opposite island; and, as I was there nearly an hour before it sailed, I had an opportunity of witnessing the arrival of the different passengers, whom I found to be principally of the black and coloured people; say ten to one. During the sail I got to know that some of the ministers of the persuasion, viz. 'The African Episcopal Methodists,' were on board; and several hymns were sung whilst we were on the steam boat. Among a few—perhaps an eighth part of the people on board, or more—there was a reverent and serious deportment; but among the rest there was somewhat more of levity than one might have expected; but there was none of that sort of swearing-rudeness which here too often assaults the stranger's ear; neither was there any drinking (that being prohibited by those who engaged the steam boat). There were, perhaps, 300 or 400 people on board; who were, with 40 or 50 exceptions, all coloured people; and when we consider that not very many years have elapsed since this class of people, or their fathers and mothers, were made free—their behaviour, as a whole, was orderly and respectable; and there were many among them who seemed to be intelligent, and moderately educated; people who, as a working-class, could read their

hymn-books as well as an English assemblage in the same rank of life.

"On repairing to the 'camp,' I found it in the precincts of a wood, the separate 'encampments' being pretty close together, and over-shaded by the trees, and forming nearly a circle of perhaps 100 or 150 yards in diameter—each 'camp' being, on the average, about six or eight yards in length, and much the same in breadth. Through the openings of some of them I discovered straw, beds and bedding, baskets, bottles, glasses, pots, cups, &c. (the encampment having continued several days), together with kettles, pans, &c., needful for the purposes of cookery.

"At some distance from the wood, near the edge of which the encampment was visible, we heard loud and unusual sounds; and, on making our way through the surrounding brushwood, I beheld perhaps 60 or 100 tents, pitched in the way I have already described, within the circle of which I heard a voice loudly and earnestly engaged in prayer, and saw a female (a white young woman, decently dressed—one whom I had noticed as a passenger in our boat this morning), jumping about, not exactly like the 'shakers,' but very much like a stout, healthy girl when jumping over a skipping rope, and with a closed eye and half smile, denoting a delirium of pleasure. By and by, a short hymn was sung, when another coloured member of the society engaged in prayer, the sentences of which were responded to with loud, heavy, and, I have no doubt, hearty 'Amens,' by

the throng, the white young woman keeping up, nearly all the while, her jumpings, turnings round, (though not nearly such quick turnings as the 'shakers,') with occasional shrieks of 'Glory!' 'Jesus!' 'Thank God!' &c., &c.

"Before the last prayer was ended, the horn was blown;—this was the signal by which the multitude (2,000 or 3,000 in number) understood that they were called to hear the preachers address them;—but before the conclusion of this last prayer, the outbreaking responses of many of those assembled, to the several petitions of the prayer, were often unintelligible to me, because of the rapidity with which they were uttered. One woman's response, however, I heard distinctly enough,—'God—bless—God—Almighty.'

"When the numbers seated on the temporary benches were sufficiently thronged, a respectable coloured person came forward in front of the elevated hut erected for the preachers, whom I understood to be the Rev. Christopher Rush, the African Episcopal-Methodist Bishop; and who, in a very decorous aud suitable way, gave out some 'notices' of the places where the 'camp-preachings' would be held on the two following Sundays. There were ten or twelve preachers on the high platform in all; and the 'notices' signified that the two next Sundays of preaching, meeting, prayer, &c. would be at Williamsburgh and Flushing. The prayers of those whom I heard in that part of the service were quite earnest, and were evidently the offspring of feeling hearts; but I could have

wished many of their expressions changed;—such as these:—'Oh, Lord! we know that sinners, unpardoned rebels, live poor, die poor, and are damned poor:'—'Oh, Lord! we know that those who live like dumb animals, die like damned spirits.' Now, these expressions, in the full meaning of those who used them, are quite true; but, when used in such a familiar way as they were, in the professed public worship of God, I think they are very objectionable; and that they may do harm when used in such an assembly as this was; an assembly where, it was evident, many persons present, both white and coloured, came *not* from the excusable curiosity of witnessing the well-meant worship of others, but because it was a mere pastime for themselves, and therefore it might (as it did within my observation) serve them for a topic to laugh at, and to sneer about.

"As for all the sudden responses of 'Glory!'—'So it is!'—'Thank God!'—'That's true!'—'Amen, and glory for ever and ever, Amen!' &c., which, in tone and effect, sometimes sounded like a long and joyful 'hurrah-ah-ah!' they were pretty much like what I believe used formerly to be heard in some of the extra meetings of the Methodists in England; but which a more liberal (a more truly and Christian liberal) education has convinced them is no necessary part of true religion.

"But, as I have said, the horn was blown to signify to the assembly on this occasion the time of preaching was come;—and a very sensible and Scriptural

sermon, from the words, 'Good master, what good thing shall I do to inherit life?' was preached by a coloured minister, whose name I did not learn. Towards the close of his sermon (the congregation listening to which was certainly in the majority of ten to one of coloured people), the white young woman before mentioned rose up again, jumped about as before, being partially restrained by the coloured people around her, but no further interruption was offered during the sermon, beyond the loud 'Amens!' 'Glorys!' &c. of those who were nearest to the preacher.

"A small collection, for defraying the expenses of temporary seats, &c. was then made; after which another coloured preacher got up, and said many very good things; but he evidently wanted to get up an 'excitement,' in which, however, he failed; for, as it was then within half an hour of the steam boat's return (four o'clock), many of the people began to think of that, I rather imagine, more than he seemed to have considered.

"At four o'clock, therefore, I and some hundreds of others left the meeting (which will continue all night, I am told, as it has hitherto done since Wednesday last, with varying preachings and prayers, much in the same way as I witnessed it), and returned to New York. On the way several hymns were well sung by the people (almost entirely African) on the boat; and a pathetic and useful sermon (deficient only in tone and manner) was given on the passage, from the words—'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' &c. During

the sermon, the preacher related a circumstance of which I am sure I have heard before, but which had come within his own knowledge (as it had been told him some years ago by both the parties concerned), of a slave who prayed for his master, and of the consequences, which I have not time to write down. The same young woman I have mentioned before, being on the boat, jumped about a bit during a part of the sermon, but that was all the interruption we had. The whole of the people on the boat behaved in a very orderly and proper manner.

"The longer a Christian lives in the world, the more will he learn to respect and love those who, although worshipping the same Saviour, differ from him in non-essentials. It is not at all, however, inconsistent with these feelings, that he can learn, with every day's experience, the value of that particular doctrinal creed and church discipline to which he himself is, from conviction, attached. These feelings are mine; and in deliberately reading over the Church of England forms of worship to-day, I think I love them more than ever; and I heartily thank God for those Sabbaths which these venerated forms teach me to remember and reverence.

"To-day I left New-York at seven in the morning, and came by steam-boat to Amboy; thence to Bordentown by railway, and thence by steam-boat again down the Deleware, about thirty-four miles, to Philadelphia. At Burlington (New Jersey), on our route, eight large water melons, of the oval shape, were put on board the steam boat: the whole eight weighed about 350 pounds, and one of

them weighed fifty pounds; another of them measured two feet in length, and weighed about the same number of pounds. The owner had been offered a dollar (say 4s. 6d.) for it, which was thought a great price; but the size and shape of the melons were the inducement for the offer. Peaches are now selling here at about one shilling per peck. These are the finest sort. More ordinary ones may be had for nearly half the price. They are perhaps quite as good in quality, but not so large in size, as the former. Children were offering them at the railway cars, where we stopped, at three for a penny.

"This afternoon I observed here an annular eclipse of the sun,—what I never observed before. It commenced at twelve minutes past three o'clock, and ended at thirty-eight minutes past five. At about half-past four the eclipse was completely annular, *i. e.* the sun was totally eclipsed by the moon, with the exception of a bright ring on the exterior, almost like the pictures we see of Saturn's ring. There being no clouds, the eclipse was seen by everybody here; and the kind of day-light then emitted by the sun was similar, in the degree of brightness, to what we usually witness about a quarter of an hour before sun-set,—a sort of dimly-bright light."

"*October* 1*st*.—May the God of heaven and earth direct, bless, and prosper me for another month! May He direct me in my journey which, to-day, I take in the 'Columbus' packet ship for Liverpool; may He bless and prosper both me and all my fellow-passengers,—Captain Cropper,

his officers and the crew,—all my dear friends in America—and all my relations and friends in dear Old England—Queen Victoria—(especially, I say, God bless her!) and all others whom I may call friends! Amen, and Amen!! The day has been beautifully fine,—very different to the day on which I left Liverpool on my voyage here. May God grant that the fineness of the day may be emblematical of His goodness and mercy to me in every respect, at all times, and under all circumstances,—during every day of my life, and also during a never-ending eternity!

"Mr. Turlay kindly accompanied me in the steam-boat as far as Sandy Hook (32 miles), and we parted with mutual regret, and with many, earnest, and most often-repeated remembrances on his part (and on mine) of all those kind friends who were dearly and mutually known to us in England,—and of many of our individual friends as well. He hopes to be at home (and very anxious he is to be so) in two months or ten weeks; and I hope to be at home in three weeks. May God grant both of our desires!"

"*October 2nd.*—This afternoon, about five o'clock, at about 40 miles distance from the nearest land), we observed a hawk flickering about the ship, and very soon after a beautiful little bird (of the linnet tribe, I imagine) fell upon the deck, exhausted in its efforts to avoid the pounce of the inimical hawk. Mr. Pinkerton (of the firm of Morrison, Pinkerton, and Co., of Messina, or Palermo, in Sicily), picked up the little bird, and his amiable lady soon shewed her truly feminine

feeling of kindness (in which she was ardently joined by our other honoured female cabin passengers), by taking care of the flying stranger; and the voracious hawk, fatigued, no doubt, with his journey, was shot by Mr. Oxley, whilst it was resting on one of the 'uppermost boughs' (*alias* sails) of our vessel."

"*October 8th.*—We passed forty or fifty fishing vessels to-day, on the Newfoundland banks. There were fifteen to twenty in sight at one time. Our latitude was 44° some odd minutes, and our longitude 50°. The mist upon the banks was strong. The thermometer to-day was 56° in the air, and 54° in the water."

"*October 9th.*—The mist was so strong that Captain Cropper could not take his usual observations for latitude and longitude; but we have had a very pleasant voyage hitherto, and no rough seas. The thermometer to-day was, in the air, 54°; in the water 49°."

"*October 10th.*—The latitude to-day was 47° 8′, and the longitude 43° 15′. The wind has been so favourable within the last 24 hours, that we have sailed a distance of 220 miles in that time. We have come about 1400 miles in nine days."

"*October 11th.*—The temperature of the water to-day was 60°, and of the air 66°, being much warmer than yesterday. Our latitude was 48° 27′; longitude, 39° 14′. The 'Stormy Petrel' (or 'Mother Cary's Chickens,' as they are commonly called), we have seen flying during every day of our sail, as well as the sea gulls. We have also often seen large droves of porpoises;

and to-day we saw several large 'black fish,' of the porpoise shape in some degree, but I believe of the whale species; they must have been at least 15 feet long."

"*October* 13*th*.—Having often had the curiosity to see the accommodation of the steerage passengers, 70 in number, I went into their apartment to-day. It is in the fore-part of the ship. There are two beds in height, calculated for two persons each, all round the sides of the apartment, their luggage being in the centre, so as to leave a passage all round. Considering that they pay only 18 dollars (about four guineas) for their passage—*i. e.* finding themselves with victuals—it is quite as comfortable as I expected it to be. I afterwards went into the sailors' berths, and found them very much on the same scale of comfort. Mr. Litch told me to-day that the quantity of water taken on board, in casks, for the present voyage, before the ship's departure from New York, was 4,500 gallons."

"*October* 14*th*.—Our latitude was 49° 52′, and longitude, 29° 20′. This day has been very fine, as indeed have been the whole of the days of our journey. This afternoon, about three o'clock, I noticed something at a distance of three or four miles, almost like the white sail of a ship, which, however, soon vanished and appeared again. On narrowly watching it for three or four times, it seemed to descend like water after having been thrown up by a fountain; and on pointing it out to some of our company, who had not noticed it before, I found it was the spouting of two whales in the water. We watched this for some time, but

they did not approach near enough for us to see them."

"*October 19th.*—This afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, I landed on the quay at Liverpool; and desire to express my unfeigned thanks to Almighty God for his merciful care and preservation of me, not only during my passage, but for every blessing of my life. After passing my trunks, &c. through the custom-house, I went by the railway train at six o'clock, and a little before eight arrived in Lever-street, Manchester, in as good health as when I started, after travelling about 12,000 miles, and after an absence of ten months. Thank God!"

Our extracts have extended to a greater length than was originally designed; but we could not abbreviate them without doing injustice alike to the writer and reader.

The latter will not fail to have been struck with the abominable system of slavery as it exists in the United States. A white man may rob the black, but unless the evidence of one of his own species can be procured to substantiate the fact, there is no redress for the black. The white master may violate the wife or child of his slave,—he may whip, torture, and murder him at will,—but unless a white deposes to these atrocities, no justice will overtake the master. In short, these unhappy slaves are bought and sold like brutes; they live like brutes; work like brutes, and die like brutes! Well have great and good men said of the States of North America, that their slavery

will be their ruin, It is a system which ultimately must lead to the dismemberment or breaking-up of the Western Republic.

Again, the intelligent reader will have remarked how keenly alive our friend was to the beauties and wonders of nature. This is strikingly shewn in the latter part of his masterly description of Niagara. Again and again we find him returning to view and contemplate that mighty fall; till, bidding it a final farewell, he affectingly remarks:—"I dipped my 'Navy Island walking-stick' into the falling water for the last time, whilst the very rock on which I stood trembled under me; and I felt a degree of regret in departing from such a scene, which I never felt before."

On arriving in England, he settled again in Manchester, and devoted himself once more to his beloved Sunday School; and many were the scenes he described, the tales and anecdotes which, in his own inimitable style, he related of America, her habits, and her people.

But he was soon again separated from his Manchester friends, in consequence of his having entered upon an engagement to wind-up an extensive banking and spinning concern in Wales, which had become insolvent. He went therefore to reside at Holywell, where he remained several years; occasionally paying a visit to Manchester, and to his relatives in the north.

Having finished his engagements in Wales, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, he returned once more to Manchester, and took up his residence in Chorlton-upon-Medlock; and having much lei-

sure on his hands, he devoted himself with renewed vigour to his Sunday School labours; revised and prepared for the press a new edition of the "Sunday School Memorials;" and wrote the last able preface to the Annual Report of the Sick and Funeral Society of the Bennett-street Sunday School, which hence may be considered his dying bequest to that institution,—and as such will ever be prized.

But it had been remarked of late, that he had "fallen off" in his person,—that his once firm and elastic step had become feeble and tottering, whilst, at the same time, he complained of occasional dizziness in the head. No apprehension, however, was for a moment entertained of any serious result. He was as cheerful in the society of his friends, as instructive and entertaining, as ever. Yet there is little doubt a worm was at the root; that his hours of solitude and retirement were visited by many cares and sorrows of which the world knew nothing; that he felt that bitterness of the heart with which a stranger intermeddleth not. For though he was a man of God, and knew his "times were in His hand," he had a keenly sensitive mind,—which must have been deeply affected by the reverses of life, and the alienation of some of those who, in the day of his prosperity, when the "candle of the Lord shone upon his head," sought his society, his counsel, and his friendship.

It is remarkable, that on the day prior to his decease, as if he had heard a warning voice—as if some premonition had been given that his hour

was nigh, and that he should see their faces again no more, he called on nearly all his old and valued friends. In the evening one of these, at his urgent request, often repeated, supped with him. They conversed of many things;—of the chances and changes of this mortal life; of days gone by, and friends departed, and days to come. He spoke with particular interest and animation about the Sunday School; said he felt more devoted to it than ever, and formed plans of future usefulness in connection with it. The evening wore late, and the friend departed. He then gave instructions that he should be called early in the morning; himself, as was his wont, sitting up till the night was far advanced. When the domestic entered his chamber in order to awake him, she found the Book of Common Prayer lying open near his bed, for it was his custom to read some portion of the Psalms before retiring to rest. She called once —twice—and louder—but received no answer. She approached his bed-side; he lay, as in placid repose, with one arm round his head, and the other placed on his bosom. She touched his hand; it was cold! A startling thought flashed across her mind! He might be dead! She looked—she listened, with the most painful and intense emotion! He did not move! He did not breathe! She gave a faint cry, and staggered from the room. The inmates were aroused—medical aid was procured. There was an attempt to bleed, but it was vain. The stream of life was dried; the vital fire had fled; the spirit had returned to God who gave it.

Benjamin Braidley died of apoplexy, on the morning of the 3rd of April, 1845, in his fifty-fourth year.

Thus suddenly, as a "thief in the night," did the Lord come. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "In the midst of life we are in death."

On the Sunday subsequent to his decease, the Bennett-street Sunday School exhibited such a scene of sorrow and dismay as cannot be described. Teachers and scholars wept audibly, or sat together in silent grief. A father, a friend, a brother, had departed. They would hear the voice of the charmer no more. The prophet was gone; and upon whom should his mantle descend?

On the following Sabbath all connected with the school appeared in the deepest mourning; and a most affecting and appropriate sermon was preached at St. Paul's, the church the deceased was accustomed to attend, by the Rev. Canon Sergeant, from the words—"It is appointed to man once to die." The emotion of the preacher was frequently apparent; and many of the crowded congregation, the greater portion of whom, as well as those connected with the school, had put on mourning, wept audibly. Indeed, such affectionate and pious regard, for the memory of departed talent and worth, has been seldom before exhibited.

It was the desire of many persons that he should have been publicly interred at Manchester. But

the wish of his relatives was, that he should be privately buried, and in the church-yard of his native village, by the graves of "his father and his mother." In consequence, his remains were removed with as much quietness as possible; yet a large number of persons assembled, and accompanied the hearse to the railway station. On the following Friday, "earth was consigned to earth, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life."

Mr. Braidley was a bachelor. His personal appearance was prepossessing. He was tall and stout. His hair, which formerly was black, had, of late years, become grey. He wore it in the old style of the "top-knot," His forehead was ample, his eye small, light, and penetrating. The prevailing expression of his countenance was benevolence, and it was a true index to the heart; for a more generous being never lived. His heart was large enough to embrace the world. His words were gentle and kind. He never uttered a harsh expression of any one. He was a ready and fluent speaker, and though he never affected the arts of oratory, was an ardent admirer of them in others. His mode of communicating instruction at the Sunday School was simple, but effective. It was a familiar, colloquial style, which went more directly to the hearts of his youthful auditors than set sermons or lectures. His memory was capacious—his powers of calculation extraordinary. He would, by a mental process, in him intuitive, give readily the result of large and complicated numbers. He was a most agreeable companion,

and would interest a company a whole evening, by his instructive, or amusing conversation. His powers of imitation were great, and his mode of relating stories or anecdotes inimitable. He had a fine musical ear, and would readily play off any tune he had once heard. He used especially to delight in listening to the sacred oratorios of the great masters of melody, when performed in our venerable cathedrals and churches. No man was more conversant with the Scriptures than he, and he was also deeply read in the best divines. Many of his "Sunday School Memorials' originally appeared in the "Christian Guardian;" he also contributed to the "Shepherd's Voice," a religious local publication. He wrote several controversial tracts, at a time when a Romish priest of this town threw down the gauntlet of the polemic. In short, he was a man designed by nature, if not by circumstances, to have been one of the leading lights of the age. But he is gone to the grave,—and let piety and charity weep, and malevolence stay her tongue, whilst truth records of him in the house of my God. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him,—when the eye saw, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, the needy, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

THE END.

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